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WHERE ART THOU?

BY MRS. ANNIE E. THOMSON.

O friend of my heart,
Here's the bloom on the flowers,
The clover's sweet breath,
And the hay-scented air;
The gold of the sunshine,
The music of shivers,
The shon of the skies,
And the clouds floating there—
But, friend of my heart,
Where art thou?
Oh, where?

O friend of my heart,
Here's the breeze softly blowing;
The soft tones of sunset,
And mornings most rare;
The moon and the stars
In the summer nights glowing;
The glad songs of praise,
And the whispers of prayer—
But, friend of my heart,
Where art thou?
Oh, where?

O friend of my heart,
Here are smiles on loved faces;
The forms that you loved—
The gifted and fair;
The bright haunts of friendship,
The dear, old-time places,
Your books, and your gifts,
And your still vacant chair—
But, friend of my heart,
Where art thou?
Oh, where?

O friend of my heart,
There comes no replying,
No voice echoes down
Through the soft, scented air;
And still I must question,
With sorrow and sighing,
And still my sad burden
Of loneliness here;
Dear friend of my heart,
Where art thou?
Oh, where?

O friend of my heart,
So patient a spirit,
So peaceful as time,
In these valleys of care,
So saintly and pure,
Was formed to inherit
The hills of the Lord,
Where the glorified are;
Dear friend of my heart,
There art thou!
Yes, there.

O friend of my heart,
If thou stand'st at the portal
Some still summer's night,
When the wind's blowing fair,
Waft whisp'ers to me
Of thy pleasures immortal,
And say if there's room,
For my worn spirit there;
Dear friend of my heart,
There art thou!
Yes, there.

O friend of my heart,
No longer I'm sighing;
The clover's sweet breath,
The hay-scented air
Fall sweet on my heart,
As if angels replying;
And they breathe of a land
That is fadeless and fair;
Dear friend of my heart,
There art thou!
Yes, there.

THE CHURCH AND THE COLLEGE.

BY PROF. C. S. HARRINGTON, D. D.

It would be well for both Church and college if their mutual relations were better known and appreciated. Especially important is it that the Church should realize its true connection with the higher institutions of learning, and through them with the general diffusion of knowledge and piety through the land. It is to be feared that false ideas prevail widely among the people as to the character and mission of the college, and as to the responsibility of the Christian Church in determining its influence. It is not felt as it should be that the college is the child of the Church; that the relation is one of profound dependence; not for a season, but constant; not pecuniary alone, but sympathetic; not accidental, but vital; not charitable, but remunerative; not by patronage and adoption, but by family bonds of blood and kindred. The college and the common school are the fruit of Christianity. Heathen

countries have produced individual philosophers and wise men, but no system of public education. Confucius and Plato show that genius and intellect are not confined to the epochs and areas of Christianity; but what Oriental or ancient religion has given birth to the school or the college?

Even Christianity has been slow to touch the blind eyes of the people. In the earlier ages, it failed to see its mission as an educator of the people, and in later centuries it feared that popular knowledge would dethrone both ecclesiastical and civil tyranny. The universities of the middle ages were for the clergy and the few who loved learning. Probably it was not the primary idea to create a learned class and give them special power and influence, though such was the necessary result of superior education. And gradually the nobler aims of those who at first sought the increase and diffusion of knowledge, degenerated to a selfish desire to restrict knowledge to the few. Still these institutions of learning, the children of the Church, became centres of culture and knowledge which scattered the rays of their light gradually over the whole continent, and lifted the veil of ignorance in which the masses of the people were groping. As early as the middle of the fourteenth century, Piers Plowman bitterly complains that every cobbler's son and beggar's brat gets book-learning, and such wretches become bishops, and lords' sons and knights crouch to them. Nowhere more than in England did religion exalt those of humble station. The sons of yeomen crowded to the universities. Monastic, cathedral, and parish schools gave the children of peasants free instruction.

In its turn the light of knowledge began a purer Christianity, and the Reformation began its work. Luther, its great apostle, realized the importance of education, and took broad views of its relations to the whole frame-work of society. "If I were not a preacher of the Gospel," he declares more than once, "I know no station on earth that I would rather fill than that of a school-master or teacher of boys." He issued a letter to the burgomasters and town councillors of all the towns of Germany, moving them to found and maintain Christian schools. It is a marvelous and stirring appeal for Christian education against ignorance in her strongholds. It is the voice of prophecy and argument urging his countrymen to seize the golden opportunity to unlock the dungeons of superstition.

That the design of those early founders of schools and universities was a pious one is unmistakable. Hegius, who presided over the College of Deventer thirty years in the fifteenth century, assumed, as the touchstone of his teaching, "All learning is hurtful when acquired with spiritual loss." This was the noble shibboleth of even Catholic schools. John Sturm, of Strasburg, one of the most eminent educators of the sixteenth century, declares that the end of all study is to combine piety with learning; piety first, and learning to illustrate and extend it. *Pietas literata* became a watchword of Protestant schools during the Reformation. From that time onward the Church and the college have been doing reciprocal work for God and humanity. They have sustained each other, and in so doing have strengthened their influence in the common cause of Christianizing the world. Sanctified learning has been the bulwark of the truth and the haven of all enlightened civilization.

The colleges of this country are peculiarly religious institutions. We worth the day when they shall cease to be such! Almost all of them have been founded and cared for by some branch of the Christian Church. They owe their origin to a pious desire to diffuse a Christian education. They aim to secure the power of culture and knowledge, for the defense and propagation of religion. Wise Christian men, moreover, looked upon them as invaluable and necessary concomitants of a free and permanent government. The wisest statesmen and the truest patriots are those who drop from the mint of a Christian college. Religion and education are the pillars of the State. The few colleges that have been founded by private benefactions, or by State appropriations, are, nevertheless, the fruit of convictions that are born directly of Christianity. Their divorce from Church control will tend to secularize them and diminish their usefulness; but still their existence and value, whatever it is, will be due to the influence of Christian truth upon the hearts of those who found and conduct them.

So thoroughly is the college a part and parcel of the Church, that its very religious tone and character depend upon the denomination patronizing and controlling it. Not merely in the creeds and dogmas held by it, but in actually indicating the prevailing religious sentiment and practice.

In the first place, the boards of trust have much to do with the religious condition and influence of the college. Their orthodoxy and piety will be stamped upon their official acts. These acts control the policy and include the religious status of the institution. Their selection of its faculty will determine its Christian as well as its literary tone. Their general influence and wishes will at once reflect the piety of the Churches they represent, and regulate that of the institutions they control. The spiritual blood of the Church throbs or stagnates in college halls in proportion as the heart beats faintly or vigorously around the home altars.

Then, again, the young men who annually enter upon their course of study come from the bosom of the Churches in various parts of the country. They bring with them the type of piety and the tone of religious sentiment with which they are familiar at home. Thus they help to give character to the religion of the college. They pour into it the fresh streams of the home altars and the family fireside. They are a barrier both to stagnation and caste.

[To be continued.]

HISTORIC FACTS FOR THE CENTENNIAL.

BY REV. JAMES PORTER, D. D.

SECOND PART.

In a previous paper we indicated the early efforts of the Spanish government to colonize the Southern part of the present United States on the basis of Romanism. It so far succeeded as to inaugurate a system of crime and inhumanity which has been the curse of that country ever since. Romanism seems to cleave to slavery and its accompanying atrocities as it does to the holy virgin, and is now fighting against the sentiment of the real Christian world to maintain it in Cuba, in its most hideous form. Let us pray that it may be defeated.

This first attempt at colonization, it should be remembered, transpired more than seventy years prior to the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and laid the foundation of St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States. Spain claimed the whole of North America, by right of discovery, but soon forfeited all title to respect by her crimes. These aroused the Protestants of England, and soon led to the establishment of an English colony in the Carolinas under the direction of Sir Walter Raleigh, to say nothing of others of less importance. Nearly every movement of the sort, however, was stimulated by worldly ambition.

But the settlement of New England was of a different character. It sprang out of a religious controversy, not with Rome, but with the Church of England which had lately seceded from Rome. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, Roman theology was like a cast-iron machine, utterly inflexible. The monastery governed the throne and its subjects as a rigid master, and for centuries there had been very little improvement in the inhabitants. At length the glare of the moral volcano, which had suddenly burst out in Germany, shot across the English Channel and awoke the British mind from its sluggish repose. Faith gave way to reason, and when the right of private judgment was proclaimed at Spire, the English House of Commons presented a petition to King Henry the Eighth containing the germs of the English Reformation, and led to the severance of the civil government of England from the controlling spiritual power of Rome, whereupon Parliament suppressed by law all the monasteries in the kingdom, confiscated their property, and compelled the ecclesiastics to work for their own support; and Henry was made the supreme head of the Church.

This occurred in 1532, and was a new thing under the sun, but it did not fully harmonize the public mind. Some still adhered to the Pope, others renounced him and accepted the new Church of England, while many discarded both, and claimed the right to worship God according to the Bible. The latter, refusing to submit to the revised liturgy, established by Parliament, were called Nonconformists, and, insisting on a higher style of religious life than was practiced by others, they were derisively called Puritans. All parties being rigid in their opinions, a sort of triangular controversy ensued, which bore so heavily upon the weaker party—the Puritans—that many were ready to seek peace and rest in the forests of America.

This was a bright day for England. Popery had been its curse for centuries. On the day of its emancipation from priestly thralldom it had not much tillage, and that was unskillfully done. Vast forests and fens covered the land, and malaria (unwholesome exhalations) was a perpetual scourge. The population was sparse, and increased very slowly. It did not exceed five millions in the whole island of Great Britain. The food of the common

people was not equal in its nutrition and variety, nor their clothing in comfort, to that of the Indians when Europeans first came to America. Our savages lived in better habitations than did their British contemporaries. Pestilence and famine kept the rural population sparse. The ecclesiastics rioted in coarse luxuries, and the morals of the towns were beastly in the extreme." (Household History, p. 173.)

All that England is, she owes to her deliverance from the curse of popery. Had she gone a little farther and repudiated the popish principle of enforcing religion by law, her progress might have been much greater, and her history less stained with the blood of martyrs. But her loss seems to have proved America's gain. The Puritans found English tyranny little less distressing than that of popery. Still, having God and right on their side, they multiplied. Their distinguished opponents were not quite agreed among themselves. The learned Lord Bacon favored concessions. "The wound," said he, "is not dangerous unless we poison it with our remedies. The silencing of ministers for the sake of enforcing the ceremonies, is, in this scarcity of good preachers, a punishment that lighteth upon the people. The Bishops should keep one eye open to look upon the good that these men do." Archbishop Whitgift saw their power, and feared them. "I have not been greatly quiet in mine," said he, "the vipers are so many."

But the vain and vacillating King James was bitter. "I will have one doctrine," said he, "one discipline, one religion in substance and in ceremony. Never speak more to that point." In 1604 the Puritans desired permission to hold occasional meetings for religious conversations, to which the king replied: "You are aiming at a Scot's presbytery, which agrees with monarchy as well as God and the devil. Then Jack, and Tom, and Will, and Dick, shall meet and censure me and my council. . . . I must once more reiterate my former speech, and say, *Le roi s'avise*—the king alone shall decide." Avowing his belief that "the hierarchy was the firmest support of the throne," he declared of the Puritans, "I will make them conform, or I will carry them out of the land, or else worse; only hang them, that's all." And the wheeling Bishops commended him. Said the venerable Whitgift: "Your majesty speaks by the special assistance of God's Spirit." And Bishop Bancroft exclaimed, on his knees, that his heart melted for joy because God had given England such a king as had not been since Christ's time." Such is the weakness of poor human nature in power.

Thus the Nonconformists were persecuted with fire and sword, by kings and prelates filled with the spirit of popery, though they discarded its authority. Some fled to Holland, and there found partial relief, but it was not "one." They lacked the language and employments of their native soil, and were, therefore, poor and discontented. But they behaved like Christians. "Never," said the magistrates of Leyden, "never did we have any suit or accusation against them." "Such was the humble zeal and fervent love of this people towards God and His ways, and their single-heartedness and sincere affection one towards another, that they seemed to come surpassingly near 'the primitive pattern of the first Churches.'"

But they were not at rest. Casting about for an asylum from their troubles, America was suggested to them. But Rome reigned at the South, and King James claimed jurisdiction at the North, and neither could be expected to show them any favor. Besides, they were poor, and had no means of going, or starting life anew in such a wilderness. But something must be done, and they boldly presented the matter to the parties in power, who after much parleying granted them (1619) the patent which they desired. But, how were they to go? They had no money. Covetousness came to their help here as it did in procuring the patent. English merchants thought they saw much to be gained by the expedition; so they formed a partnership with the emigrants, furnishing ten pounds sterling against the services of each one, thus forming a stock company. All profits were to be reserved till the end of seven years, when the whole amount, and all houses and land, gardens and fields, were to be divided among the share-holders according to their respective interests. This was a hard lay, but anything was better than to suffer as they had done, so long as it would secure them the civil and religious liberty guaranteed by their charter.

Trusting in God, therefore, the refugees at Leyden proceeded to prepare for the voyage. Two vessels were chartered—the *Speedwell* of sixty tons burden, and the *Mayflower* of one hundred and eighty tons. Everything being ready, "Let us seek of God," said Brewster, the governing elder, "a right

way for us, and for our little ones and for all our substance." Arriving at Delft Haven, where they went to embark, Robinson, their pastor, made the parting prayer, when he and others accompanied them to the ship. "A flood of tears was poured out," says Edward Winslow, "but we were not able to speak one to another for the abundance of sorrow to part. Lifting up our hands to each other, and our hearts for each other to the Lord our God, we parted."

OUR SANITARIUM.

BY REV. JAMES MUDGE.

I do not know that it has ever been described for the readers of the *HERALD*. Let me try to convey to them some idea respecting it. Imagine a basin of water, oval in its general shape, but somewhat serpentine as well, not far from a mile in length, and about quarter of a mile broad. This is the central feature of Naini Tal.

In fact, this is Naini Tal, for *Tal* (pronounced with the *a* broad as in father) means lake, and Naini is the tutelary deity of the place, the local Hindu goddess revered here from time immemorial, and still, in the minds of the natives, presiding over this beautiful sheet of water. Her temple is in a lovely clump of willows at one end of the lake, whence there comes up sadly to our ears, as we sit on the verandah toward nightfall, the sound of bells and other instruments of worship beaten in her honor by the attendant priests. These latter gentlemen insist that the goddess comes out every night and takes her accustomed walk in the darkness (no man seeing her), about the water. It is now some time since the British Government forbade the offering to her of human sacrifices, but she has by no means renounced her claim, they say, to one victim a year; and when any one is drowned in the lake, as occasionally happens, her superstitious devotees regard it as the triumph of the goddess. Some day they will have learned better.

The lake, which is itself more than six thousand, four hundred feet above the sea, is surrounded in three directions by hills rising at the highest point about two thousand, five hundred feet more. At the upper end, where a tiny stream comes down, and where the waters have evidently receded somewhat, pushed gradually back from their ancient domain by the earthy accumulations of centuries, there is considerable space for building. Here is the principal bazar, a collection of native shops, or stores, grouped in a few short streets. Here, also, are two or three English warehouses well-stocked with high-priced goods, and of all sorts brought from Europe. A large building devoted to balls and other assemblies, and containing also a good library and reading-room, finds a place on the margin of the water. And close beside it is the open, level space kept with great care in excellent condition for cricket, polo, and other athletic sports.

At the other end of the lake, which is its outlet, the hills fall away to the right and left, and one looks off to the distant plains, or, nearer at hand, to deep valleys which plunge far down with rapid descent and most picturesque surroundings. Here by the margin, which is not wide, is a band-stand for military music, a hospital for the invalid soldiers sent here to recruit, and a small bazar to accommodate the dwellers in this direction. At the sides of the lake the hills rise very steeply and almost immediately from the water's edge, closely covered, for the most part, with waving forests, or, where the earth clings too scantily to the rocks for this, clad in verdure hardly less attractive to the eye.

It is on these encircling hills, in every direction where, by the aid of much blasting and great pains, a lodgment could possibly be effected, that dwelling houses, two or three hundred of them in all, have been placed. They are usually built with much taste, surrounded often with expensive flower-gardens, and every embellishment or luxury that ample expenditure can procure. Here are most comfortable retreats from the scorching heat of the plains; and here from April to October, flock those whose purses enable them to afford the gratification, or whose business brings them. For this has been made the summer capital of the northwest provinces; and so the high officials, with a host of subordinates, make an annual migration hither from Allahabad. It is this that gives the place its chief importance, for more pleasure tourists or health seekers would afford it but scanty patronage.

Yet these two latter classes are always well represented in the little community that makes this mountain nest its temporary home. The mall which runs around the lake is crowded on pleasant evenings with a gaily-dressed throng of fashionable ladies and dashing cavaliers. No carriages are seen; the nature of the roads up the steep hillsides do not admit of them. The gentlemen go about on horseback, and the

ladies in a sort of reclining chair, carried on the shoulders of men. Dinner parties, receptions, balls, promenades on the mall, cricket matches on the turf, races on the water, or excursions into the surrounding country, help to speed the time not passed in the office or on the lounge.

What a boon to the invalid is this beautiful nook up here so near the clouds of heaven! With an entertaining book, or a few chatty companions, he can pass the days very comfortably in that lazy doing-of-nothing, so consonant with his good-for-nothing feeling, while the bracing mountain air gradually infuses new vigor into his exhausted frame. And as he gathers strength, there are many trips all about that promise high enjoyment, and do not fail to fulfill expectations. The woods on every side open wide their arms to him; the mighty rocks, mossy and fern-covered, invite him to their shade; secluded paths lure him away into fragrant dells; or he may try, if he likes, a plunge beneath, and a row upon the placid, deep green waters of the lake. From the tops of the surrounding heights what a vision breaks upon him! In one direction he sees, perhaps fifty miles away, but seeming nearer, the giant peaks of the grand Himalayas lifting their snowy sides and resplendent tops over twenty-five thousand feet into the blue heavens; and as he gazes on their chaste solitude, awful in its lonely majesty, he is drawn towards God. He needs to be, for, as he turns in the other direction and looks southward, spread out before him are the plains of the great Gangetic valley, teeming with idolatry, crowded with misery. As he reflects on what lies there hidden to his outward eye, but present to the inner, he does well to strengthen his faith and gird up his courage by the thought that the God by whose arm of power these mountains were piled, these valleys banded, holds also in His eye and hand these degraded millions, loving them, caring for them, and planning for their salvation in His own time and way.

It is time we turned from Naini Tal in general to that little part of it in which, as a mission, we are more particularly interested. The mission premises, embracing some eight or nine acres, are admirably located in one of the best spots, near the upper end of the lake, and directly bordering on the mall. The estate runs back from the lake up the hill in a triangular form. Pretty well up toward the highest angle, is placed the large mission house, built to accommodate, temporarily, three families, each family having three rooms. A little farther down is another house, now occupied by Brother Judd, Presiding Elder of the Kumaon District, and preacher in charge of the Hindustani work in this station. Still lower, a place has been dug out of the hill-side behind, and leveled up in front to accommodate a neat residence just built for Brother Cheney, pastor of the English-speaking congregation. Nearly level with this, toward the other corner of the lot, stands a building used in Dr. Humphrey's time for a dispensary, but now occupied mainly by some native preachers. And, lowest of all, quite near the road, is the school-house and the church. In this latter building, a neat, unpretentious structure of wood, seating about two hundred and fifty, gathers a very good congregation. Sunday evenings the house is usually filled, and sometimes crowded. Almost every year many are here born again; and though, on account of the changing character of the population, not much remains from year to year for the comfort and encouragement of the preacher, he exerts through the truth he faithfully proclaims, a wide influence felt in many parts of the land.

Here is where our first regular, permanent efforts as a mission were put forth, when Dr. Butler, fleeing from the rebels of Bareilly, in 1837, found refuge in this mountain fastness, and began what work he could. Nearly twenty years have gone, and to human eyes there is but little to show; but he would be a faithless man who should say that any of these years of toil had been spent in vain. Among the earliest of the hard lessons a missionary has to learn is to do his duty faithfully in the best way God gives him to see it, without demanding the encouragement of great visible results.

Naini Tal, as the reader has by this time seen, is in most respects admirably adapted for a sanitarium. It is not yet very pleasant of access, there being, by the easiest route, sixty-five miles of expensive staging after leaving the cars, and then ten miles more of fatiguing up-hill toil on horseback or foot. But to those who can afford and endure this, and who are so situated that they can leave their work for a few weeks in the season most trying to a foreign constitution, a lovely retreat is afforded here. It has been an incalculable benefit to the mission from its earliest days, saving many precious

lives, and enabling others to postpone for several years the dreaded necessity of returning to America. It would be good economy to put another story on the mission house here, and so provide more room for those who would like to come and need to, but now cannot with comfort do so. But the depressed state of the treasury, at present, forbids such outlay; and what is worse, forbids many other expenditures much more pressing. Perhaps I cannot close my letter better than by exhorting all who love the work of missions to rally in this time of need; and, giving that which costs them something, pour their offerings into the depleted coffers of this grand society. May God give the grace!

Naini Tal, July, 1876.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

There are many to-day who quiet their consciences with the belief that the heathen are not so bad off after all, that those who live up to the light they have will be saved without the Gospel. No doubt God will save as many as He can; but there is not one in ten thousand who professes even to attempt to live up to the light he has. There is not a Confucianist who does not constantly violate some of the moral principles of the great sage; not a Buddhist who does not fall short of the requirements of his religious system; not a Chinaman who is not condemned by his own conscience. — *Western Christian Advocate*.

Wordsworth once told me that the hills and waterfalls around Rydal Cottage had become his most intimate friends. They were his instructors, too. They haunted him like a passion. Even a few days in these Adirondacks rouse a friendship in one's soul for these old monarchs who have never lost their crowns. Thaw was begun to reign before the Pharaohs. If he would open his granite lips, he could easily tell me geological secrets which Buckland and Tyndall have not found out. I would like to ask old Whiteface whether the waters which drowned Ararat ever swept through the bowlders on his brow. — THEODORE L. CUYLER, in *The Independent*.

That is a sublime expostulation which says, "Ye thought that I was altogether such an one as yourselves." Making God think our thoughts and feel our emotions is a most awful blasphemy; but are we not often led into something closely approaching it, when we assume a very intimate acquaintance with the divine will of men and things around us? "I think Thy thoughts around Thee," cried the devout astronomer, and to do just that is our sublimest task; our danger is that we shall reverse the order, and fancy that He thinks our thoughts after us. Even a greater danger lies in the emotions which assume the divine sympathy with our dislikes and our predilections. A strong emotion will often sweep into its service the highest and best auxiliaries; a strong will easily persuades us that God shares or inspires a desire which is choice and perfect to ourselves. — *The Methodist*.

Go back a century, and you have a dozen colonies lining the Atlantic coast, a few small cities, a thinly populated country, with no army or navy, no manufactures, no commerce, wealth or position; struggling with a hard soil for subsistence, and scarcely able to cope with the wandering savage tribes. States we had none, nor system of government; only dependent colonies, driven by necessity to become in a measure confederated. Now, with the lapse of a hundred years, the number of colonies is more than trebled, and become strong, compact, well-governed states, with an area extending from ocean to ocean, a population multiplied from three to forty-five millions, rivaling in manufactures, commerce, art and science, the oldest and strongest nations of Europe and Asia, and recognized among the first-class powers of the world. No longer colonies, no longer a confederacy, but a nation uniting every element of human strength and grandeur. — *Morning Star*.

For every change of arrangement consumed in the firing of cannon guns, 200 pounds of coal could be purchased, or a pair of comfortable woolen gloves, a cap, a scarf; for every two changes, a pair of children's shoes, a slate and arithmetic, a sled, a pair of skates, a good dress, a chromo or a turkey. These articles, or others similar in value and usefulness, wisely distributed among voters of the humble classes and their wives and children, would be far more effective in securing ballots than the deafening, dangerous salutes which we are to endure for the next two months. Bribery is bad enough in itself, but it is doubly sinful when practiced in connection with wastefulness. Politicians, with all their shrewdness, have yet to learn a few things, and one of them is, that poor people are more easily convinced of the good intentions of the parties by the bestowal of charity than by loud professions of "reform" and "poor man's friend" and louder cannonading. — *Northern Christian Advocate*.

One of the Bishops of the Church of England on a recent occasion, and from his seat in the House of Lords, made a clean breast as to the injuries inflicted upon his Church by patronage. He had been obliged to install into office, within a comparatively brief period, no fewer than four presbyters to livings, who, from some cause or other, were wholly incapacitated for the duties of their office. One of the four was so enfeebled by age as to be compelled from the very date of his induction to leave his parish in the hands of a curate. Another had earned the reputation of being a reformed drunkard—the period of his reformation being brief when compared with the darker years of transgression. The third, was, think, was a forger, or, at least, a man of first-class reputation, not only for bearing, but bearing away the burdens of others. The fourth was a man of nameless crime, whose immorality was so pronounced that the Rev. prelate felt at liberty to make public mention of the scandalous case, without fear of prosecution for damages. It was further broadly stated that these were but specimens of many similar cases which were constantly occurring within the pale of the Church of England. — *British Am. Presbyterian*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

METHODISM IN TAUNTON.

BY REV. S. W. COGGESHALL, D. D.

When I took charge at Taunton, its Churches were: 1. The Unitarian, which was the original Church of the town, Rev. Andrew Bigelow, pastor. Its present church was built about 1832, at a cost of \$16,000, but its church property was not so valuable as now. 2. The Orthodox, Rev. Erasmus Maltby, yet its senior pastor. Its house of worship, of wood, stood nearly opposite the County House. 3. The Baptist, a plain, wooden structure, which stood upon the site of the present house. Mr. Trask, a young man, just settled, was the pastor. 4. St. Thomas, Episcopal, a small, wooden building, which stood nearly opposite the present church. It was without a pastor, and was supplied by the Rev. DeWolfe Howe, then editor of the *Witness* of Boston, and now Bishop of Central Pennsylvania, a most excellent man. 5. The Universalists, who occupied the old Unitarian church which had been moved to the street which leads over Little River bridge, Rev. Bouvee Dodds, pastor. Of these, but two were strong.

With my eighteen class-members, I found a small congregation of thirty or forty persons, who met in the old Town Hall, which stood in the open space, nearly between the present City Hall and the Unitarian church. The hall was furnished with seats rising one above another, on each side, while the middle was without seats, to accommodate those standing at the old town meetings; so that the preacher, standing in the moderator's desk, had to look, first one side, and then the other, to see his hearers; for nobody was before him! The style of the hall was in the extreme of plainness, and all the surroundings were anything but pleasant and inspiring. It was certainly difficult for any one to preach in such a place.

I immediately saw that we must have a church, or do nothing. To gather a Church and congregation in such a place, was simply impossible. I mentioned it to the brethren, but they replied that it could not be done. It had been attempted, but had failed; and they had not even a thought of trying again, at present. But I did not agree with them.

As I saw that it could not be done, without outside help, and that this could not be had on the "Green," I turned my attention to the "Weir" village, situated at the head of navigation on the river, a mile from the Green; then fast rising into importance, and now with a coasting trade larger than that of the city of New Bedford. Here I resolved to make the attempt; and time soon showed that I was not mistaken.

At this juncture, two circumstances immediately appeared to aid me in this apparently hopeless enterprise. When it was almost sneeringly asked by some, "Who is this young Methodist preacher (I was then but twenty-three), who is attempting the impossible thing of building a Methodist church in Taunton?" Mr. John Presbrey of the Weir, who, from the beginning, had counseled and encouraged me, and who knew the facts in the case, immediately answered: "He is a grandson of Capt. Timothy Coggeshall."

When the British took possession of Rhode Island, Dec. 12, 1776, five thousand people left the Island, many of whom never returned. Among these was my grandfather, then a young man of twenty-five. He came up the Taunton river, and settled at the "neck of land," then the *entrepot* of trade and commerce for the old town. American privateers, which escaped the British cruisers at the mouth of the bay, used to run up here, and unload their valuable cargoes, and purchasers from Providence used to come over, and buy. He married Celia, the daughter of Samuel Wilde. He was an officer of the Revolution, and engaged in some of the most arduous enterprises, and saw some of the hardest fighting of that memorable war. At its close, he commanded in the merchant service, out of Boston, till he was killed by *un coup de soleil* in King Street, Charleston, S. C., Aug. 6, 1794, when but forty-two years of age—as a brave and noble a man as ever walked a quarter-deck, and like many of the men of that time, of an imperial presence.

As soon as the old and influential residents, like Col. Ingell and Hon. Samuel Crocker, who had known and distinctly remembered him, heard this, all prejudice, hostility and opposition were at an end, and I unexpectedly found my way open in all directions. They treated me with distinguished consideration; and even when they had no money for me, they had good wishes and good words, which were sometimes as valuable.

The other circumstance was this: Church and Coggeshall, from Bristol, the latter a distant relative of the Bristol branch of the family, were then doing the largest business of any firm at the Weir. Mr. Church's wife, also (Miss Tilley), was from a Methodist family. I went to them and said: "Do you want a Methodist church at the Weir?" "Yes," "Will you assist in building it?" "Yes." Then said Coggeshall to me, "Have you a lot?" "No; but there is one on Weir Street, belonging to Seth Williams, estimated to be worth \$500, which we deem very eligible." "Leave that to me," said he. They both boarded at Benj. Ingell's on the river road. A few days after, I met Mr. Williams on the street. Said he, "Mr. C., you want a lot belonging to me, for a church site?" "Yes," "Well," he replied, "that lot is worth \$600; but I guess you must

have it. The whole conversation occupied not five minutes. A few days after, he gave a deed, dictated by me; and that is still the title to that valuable church property, which, I suppose \$5000, and perhaps \$10,000, would not now touch.

The main point was thus secured; and now for the next. I then made out a subscription paper, and first called on Church and Coggeshall. They immediately headed it with \$200; and their names, as pledged to the enterprise, were worth more than the money. At the distance of forty years, and after our late war has accustomed us to great figures, this sum may appear small. But great and small are relative terms; and it was not so then. It was four times as much as any one of our own members could give.

Not a Methodist could I get to engage in this apparently hopeless enterprise, till I obtained the land, and showed them this subscription. They then took hold. Edmund Anthony, late of the *New Bedford Standard*, who was especially active and forward, Wm. Reed, now of Philadelphia, John Haskell, now of Fall River, Wm. Warren, now of Chelsea, Solomon Woodward—the two latter were the survivors of a small society of Reformed Methodists, once existing at Whittenton, and who joined us this year—Miss Eliza Stacy, of Oakland, before mentioned, Thos. White of North Dighton, Thos. Smith of Norton, the only survivor of Father Newcomb's once large and flourishing class, each gave \$50. Horatio Williams, formerly of Taunton, and then a merchant in Elizabeth City, N. C., and a Methodist, with his wife, a southern lady, and also a member, then on a visit to his friends in Taunton, gave us \$50, and his brother, Frank Williams, gave the brick for the basement, then worth \$90. There were also some smaller subscriptions. The brethren spoke to me about going abroad to solicit funds. But it has always been my opinion, and now is, that, as a general rule, if the people of a place are small, or unwilling to build a church, it is not wanted there; and I was exceedingly adverse to it. But in answer to a note which I sent to the late Joseph Smith, of Warren, he sent me \$20. This is all that came from abroad.

A board of trustees was now formed, consisting, I think, of Edward Anthony, Wm. Reed, Wm. Warren, John Haskell, Sol. Woodward, Thos. White and Thos. Smith. A contract was made with Peterson of Duxbury, for the erection of a house, 60 by 41 feet, with a tower. Ground was broken in September, and the work was pushed forward rapidly, till in March of the next year it was ready for dedication. It was a neat structure, well and tastefully finished, and gave great satisfaction. I provided in the deed, that four of its pews should forever be kept free for the use of the colored people, several families of whom were connected with us. This contract has always been kept inviolate, and their sabbath faces are yet seen in this, now great, congregation.

I secured the services of Rev. Jacob Sanborn, then of the Chestnut Street Church, Providence, to preach the dedication sermon. It was a pleasant day, and a very large and respectable congregation filled the house. But the preacher was fully equal to the occasion, and seemed conscious of the fact. His text was 1 Cor. xv. 11: "So we preach." The sermon was an *exposit* of Methodist doctrine, all of which we preach. It was clear, lucid, forcible, convincing and very able. I have never heard any such sermon before nor since. It did the business for us. If there were any public prejudices remaining, they were all dissipated that morning; and the wonderful sermon still lives on. Its voice dies not. Bishop Hedding, who was present, preached in the evening. I was asked why the preacher of the morning, instead of the evening, was not the Bishop? Though this point was clear in my own mind, I perhaps could not make it equally so to my interrogator.

The next Sabbath I appeared in the pulpit, for the first time, and found that we had secured a good congregation—good in more senses than one—which has never waned to this day. I had also gone into every house at the Weir to secure children for the Sabbath-school, and found that we had about sixty, well-offered. E. Anthony was superintendent, and I taught a Bible class, preached three times a day, and thought it no hardship. This was the nucleus of our great schools in that city. The society was left with a debt, though not embarrassing; and it is said that it has never been free, until last year, under Brother Canoll, it raised \$11,000, and for the first time in its history swept off all indebtedness.

The appointments to the Taunton Churches, for the most part, have been very judicious and fortunate, and their course, though not rapid, at any time, has always been onward and upward. After a few years, the original church was enlarged; but in 1868-9, it not being found adequate to the wants of the growing congregation, it was rebuilt, and the present large and commodious structure took its place. It was rededicated by Dr. Hare, then of the Tremont Street Church, Boston, June 10, 1869. About thirty ministers were present. Being ill at that time, I was not able to be there. It now has the largest congregation of any church in the city.

The Central Church, now under Brother O. H. Fernald, was built in 1854, twenty years after the first, and has the largest membership, with an overflowing people. Grace Church, after another twenty years, was pur-

chased by the Free Baptists, and at the close of its first year, under Rev. W. T. Worth, reports one hundred and seventeen members, and is a complete success. There are now three Churches with an aggregate membership of seven hundred and thirty-three, besides the church at Myricksville, being the largest of any denomination in the city, and the first in progress in the Providence Conference.

Two of our Churches in Taunton have been greatly indebted to the wealth, liberality, financial tact and executive ability of our friend, Capt. W. H. Phillips, especially Grace Church, the original property of which, both church and parsonage, he wholly purchased himself. My salary, in 1834, I then being a single man, and which I was for five years, which admitted of my being sent where a married man could not go, was \$100; and four families, that of E. Anthony, W. Reed, J. Haskell and M. Pratt, boarded me for the whole year, a quarter each. My impression is, that my worthy successors, though not working quite so hard, yet have rather better salaries! But I am content.

THE FIRST CAMP-MEETING HELD IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY REV. R. W. ALLEN.

As camp-meetings have become so popular and an important institution in New England, it may be interesting to consider the first one held on our territory. Lorenzo Dow had been traveling through the South preaching the Gospel, and attending camp-meetings in that section which had been blessed with wonderful results. Returning to New England in June, 1804, he visited Middletown, Conn., on the 10th of July, and there he met Rev. Abner Wood, the preacher in charge of the New London circuit, and Rev. Daniel Burrows, a local preacher, and agreed with them to hold a camp-meeting on the New London circuit, "the last day of May following," and adds, "when known it was ridiculed as enthusiasm, to think that I could get people to go into the woods, and encamp night and day in this populous part, where elegant meeting-houses are so numerous."

He went South again, and saw the most wonderful displays of Divine grace at the camp and other meetings, and returned to New England about the first of May, 1805. But the camp-meeting appointed the year previous to be held the last day of the month, was yet involved in difficulties. "The two preachers," says Dow, "with whom I entrusted the preparation of the camp-meeting, had, in my absence, incurred the displeasure of the Methodists; the one for embracing and propagating some peculiar sentiments, was suspended, and the other had withdrawn. Brother Ostrander, Presiding Elder of the district, said: 'If Lorenzo Dow admits these persons to officiate at his camp-meeting, he shall have no more liberty with us. My trials were keen for these men were in good standing when we made the agreement, and I had no doubt but that Ostrander would fall in with the measure, considering the circumstance of my not being able to consult him for want of time. So I went to explain the matter to him, and, upon reflection, he consented; and if I would give up the camp-meeting to his superintendence, he would bring on his preachers to attend with me. This I had always expected, and advertised the meeting accordingly.'

Respecting the preachers referred to, a word may be necessary. Abner Wood was expelled from the Church for preaching heretical doctrines, and Daniel Burrows had become involved in pecuniary embarrassments, creating dissatisfaction on the part of some; but, if we understand the matter correctly, he did not leave the Church. Soon he came out of his difficulties without a stain; a purer-minded, and more devoted, earnest Christian, was not found in the early Methodist Church. For about fifty years he was an able, zealous, and useful local preacher in the Church, and died in Middletown, Conn., a few years since, greatly beloved, and in the triumphs of faith.

The camp-meeting is thus described by Lorenzo: "The camp-ground was in the town of Bolton, Conn., on Andover parish line, to which led a road, ending on the ground. This appeared providential, as we could repair to the spot, without trespassing on any man's land. The neighborhood was thickly settled by bigoted federal Presbyterians, much prejudiced against the Methodists. They were unwilling we should get water from their brooks or wells, and held the meeting in ridicule and contempt. It was reported that the Indians had a spring on this hill to which they resorted, which led to a search for it, and a fountain beneath a rock was found, which afforded us a sufficient supply."

"Many people came from distant places to the ground. Satan boasted his standard near by, as a grog-man brought his liquors for sale, but was constrained by threats (when reason would not do) to give it over, the law being against him. I opened the meeting, and had an agreeable time. The work of God began in the evening, Saturday, June 1st. The congregation and work increased. Sunday, 2d, some thousands appeared on the ground; several found peace, and prejudice seemed to wear off from the minds of the people. Monday, 3d, meeting broke up. I had given my farewell to the people; it was an affecting time of parting with my Christian friends, many of whom I shall see no more until eternity. I observed to Ostrander that I had caused him some uneasiness,

but would trouble him no more while he remained on the district."

Thus began and ended the first camp-meeting held in New England. It originated with Lorenzo Dow, who was its presiding spirit, and performed, doubtless, most of its work. Daniel Ostrander had its general superintendence (one of the veterans of the early Methodist ministry), uniting with the Conference in 1793, a man of sterling integrity, and of uncompromising devotion to the doctrines and usages of the Church, and would not be likely to admire and appreciate such a man as Lorenzo Dow; and no wonder the latter gave him some "uneasiness," though no intimation is given. But everything passed off pleasantly between these devoted men.

What is said respecting the opposition to the meeting was nothing new in that day, and long afterward in New England; but there was doubtless nowhere a more determined opposition to Methodism manifested, for it was in this section that the first attack from the press was made upon it in a pamphlet by Rev. Nathan Williams, of Tolland, and Dr. Huntington, of Coventry, two adjoining towns to where the camp-meeting was held. Little did Lorenzo Dow think when he appointed that camp-meeting—to use the language of Bunyan—"whereunto that thing would grow." The second camp-meeting held in New England was held in Massachusetts, some account of which we may furnish the readers of the *HERALD* hereafter.

LETTER FROM CANADA.

MR. EDITOR: Your great country and our dominion are closely allied to each other. Being placed in such proximity, it cannot be but that the welfare of one must greatly affect the welfare of the other. There is constant intercourse between the people of both nations; but, during this Centennial year, the number of Canadians who have visited the mart of industry at the city of Brotherly Love, have been legion. There is a delightful feeling existing in both countries towards each other, and from the depths of our hearts we feel constrained to say, let there be no strife between us, for we are brethren.

Methodism has done not a little towards promoting the good feeling that now obtains between the two nations; for, though we are under separate ecclesiastical forms of government, we are already planting the standard of the Cross in that land. Some of the brethren who have been here for nine years have returned to Ontario, but their places have been supplied by other heroic brethren, who have entered their places; and thus, we trust, will be able not only to keep the posts already established, but to enter others in the name of Him who claims the world as His own.

Like yourselves in the south, we have been sadly inconvenienced by the intense heat of the season. The effects have been manifest in numerous cases of sunstroke, and several cases of death by drowning. Every summer there are numerous instances of the latter, but it has seemed that the number has been greater this season than usual. The long continued drought has seriously affected root crops, and should it continue much longer, cattle will suffer from the scarcity of water, and the feed of winter will be much reduced. But the Lord reigneth. Let the earth rejoice!

ONTARIO.

POLAND CAMP-MEETING.

This camp-meeting commenced August 21st, and closed the 28th.

It is a difficult thing to describe the beauty or fragrance of a rose, but a very easy and delightful thing to enjoy both. The beauty of Poland camp-ground does not mirror itself on paper, or the heavenly fragrance there waft itself to the readers through a newspaper notice. It is enough to remind the public that whoever came must have fought hard against their inclinations if they were not soon lost in wonder and praise.

The grounds are so retired that the visitor sees it as a little world by itself. By day are seen the gentle slopes and varied landscape without, and within the grove, calm walks, neat cottages, white tents and a spacious rustic temple made with pillars of living trees, and filled with a congregation of men, women and children. By night many lamps lighted up the grove, revealing part, and concealing part, in such a way as to make one almost expect a sudden bursting forth of exceeding brightness, causing that which is in part to be done away. The weather was exceedingly fine, comfortably cool, no rain and little dust.

Many improvements have been made on the grounds this year. New avenues have been opened, and new and appropriate names given to old ones. Behind the stand at the corners of the streets the Bishops' names were arrayed, suggesting the power that lies behind our ecclesiastical throne. Several new and beautiful cottages have been built. The water pipes have been extended to carry the water to every part of the grove. Many are of the opinion that the medicinal properties of the water at this ground are as valuable and curative as Poland Spring water, that sells for seven dollars a barrel all over the land, even large amounts to California. The local committee, who had charge of the ground and furnished board for men and horses, supplying every comfort and even luxury reasonable, were the most efficiently accommodating and painstaking for the interest of all concerned, of any men filling a similar position, we have ever found.

Victoria University, which is our chief seat of learning, has passed through several very severe crises, which have threatened its destruction; but the endowment fund of one hundred thousand dollars is well-nigh completed, while the Edward Jackson chair—theological—has been placed on a safe basis, having received an endowment from its sainted founder—E. Jackson, esq., and his wife—the noble sum of thirty thousand dollars. Rev. J. H. Johnston is the agent of this university, and though he may have some equals, we do not think there can be any to surpass him as an adept in raising money. Though in the midst of his duties on behalf of the endowment fund, he has raised twenty thousand dollars in a few months towards the erection of Faraday Hall, which is now being built in connection with the university.

Our friends, the Episcopal Methodists, have nobly struggled with their seat of learning at Belleville, and have now succeeded in getting it on a more secure financial basis than it has ever been. They are now taking steps towards establishing a Ladies' College at St. Thomas in the western part of the province, and should they succeed, they will deserve great credit. You will agree with us—at least, we think so—in the opinion that it is to be regretted that a union cannot be effected between the Methodists and the Episcopal Methodists of Canada, as by such an amalgamation there would be a great saving of strength which is now consumed in maintaining rival institutions. We are very sorry to say that we do not see any probability at present of a union being effected.

The severe monetary pressure necessarily affects the missionary institutions of the Church. A few years ago we sent two brethren to Japan, and the success which they have enjoyed has caused the Church to send two more brethren, Revs. G. M. Meacham, M. A., and C. S. Eby, M. A., both graduates of our Victoria University; and by the time this letter reaches you, we trust they will have arrived at their destination. They are brethren greatly beloved, and will be a valuable accession to the band of brethren—Cochrane and Macdonald—who are already there.

The missions of the northwest—Manitoba—greatly need to be strengthened, but the missionary board cannot do more than keep up the staff that is already planting the standard of the Cross in that land. Some of the brethren who have been here for nine years have returned to Ontario, but their places have been supplied by other heroic brethren, who have entered their places; and thus, we trust, will be able not only to keep the posts already established, but to enter others in the name of Him who claims the world as His own.

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The meeting this year has not been

as large as usual, but in spiritual results, both in conversion of sinners and quickening of saints, it is pronounced by all, to be the best ever held here. The Presiding Elder, Rev. E. Martin, was in his happiest mood, and all acquainted with him know that he allows none to excel him in this particular. The preachers were all in dead earnest in preaching and working, and the people had a mind to work. God helped them in this faith, and the results were wonderful. We know not the number of conversions, or of those who entered the Churches represented will realize something more from the meeting than could be expressed in figures, could the above number be given.

J. B. LAPHAM, Secretary.

OUR ECLECTIC.

EBB AND FLOW.

How easily He turns the tides! Just now the yellow beach was dry, Just now the gaunt rocks all were bare, The sun beat hot and thirstily. Each sea-weed waved its long brown hair And bent and languished in its pain; Then, in a flashing moment's space, The white foam-feet which spurred the sand Paused in their joyous onward race, Wherewith, wavered, turned them to the land, And, a swift legionary band, Poured on the waiting shores again.

How easily He turns the tides! The fullness of my yesterday Has vanished like a rapid dream, And pitiless and far away The cool, refreshing waters gleam; Grim rocks of dread and doubt and pain Rear their dark forms where once was sea; But I can smile and wait for Him Who turns the tides so easily. Fills the spent rock-pool to its brim, And up from the horizon dim Leads His bright morning waves again. SUSAN COOLIDGE, in *The Christian Union*.

SHORT SERMON.—In the darkest hour through which a human soul can pass, whatever else is doubtful, this, at least, is certain: If there be no God and no future state, yet, even then, it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than to be a coward.—F. W. Robertson.

FAILURE AND SUCCESS.—No true work since the world began was ever wasted; no true life since the world began has ever failed. Oh, understand, my brethren, those two perverted words, failure and success, and measure them by the eternal, not by the earthly standard. What the world has regarded as the bitterest failure has often been in the sight of Heaven the most magnificent success. When the cap, painted with devils, was placed on the brows of John Huss, and he sank dying amid the members of the flame—was that a failure? When St. Francis Xavier died cold and lonely on the bleak and desolate shore of a heathen land—was that a failure? When the frail, worn body of the Apostle of the Gentiles was dragged by a hook from the arena, and the white and scarred over the crimson life-blood of the victim wound the dense amphitheatres as some obscure and nameless Jew—was that a failure? And when, after thirty obscure, toilsome, unrecorded years in the shop of the village carpenter, one came forth to be pre-eminently the Man of Sorrows, to wander from city to city in homeless labors, and to expire in lonely agony upon the shameful cross—was that a failure? Nay, my brethren, it was the life, it was the death, of Him who lived that we might follow in His steps—it was the life, it was the death, of the Son of God.—Frederic W. Farrar.

SCIENCE AND PRAYER.—I do not believe any theory of prayer can be framed which will satisfy either the believer or the unbeliever. There is a whole universe of rove through, and we know very little about it all. It is not only that the stars in their courses fight shy of us; but we are living every day in close contact with forces, of whose nature, origin and ends, we are almost totally ignorant. It is not only we, the people, who walk "in a vain show," but the scientists hold their knowledge by the most insecure tenure. The learning of our generation is the rubbish of the next. "God cannot contravene His own laws," says the philosopher; "why pray that He should? But tell me, O my philosopher, what are God's laws? Once it was a divine law that heat was caloric, a latent substance in all bodies; now it is divine law that heat is a substance at all, but a mode of motion. Once the law bade the sun go round the earth; now it sends the earth spinning round the sun. Once the law made light to be the emanation of matter from luminous bodies; then it was the undulation of ether, pervading all bodies; now it looks as if light were decreed to be the vibrations of the molecules of matter itself. Once the law made sharp and essential distinctions between mind and matter; now the correlation of forces transmutates bread and butter into thought, and philosophy is but phosphorus on the brain. Surely the condemnation of Christian devotion is premature. Further investigation may yet discover prayer, too, among the secretions.—*Sermons to the Clergy by Gail Hamilton*.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.—One of the saddest chapters of a Christian's biography is the unwritten chapter of his *lost opportunities*; privileges and helps and inspirations and comforts he might have enjoyed, and through some delinquency failed of. He falls, in his late and hurried racing, of a morning portion of God's word, some faithful warning, some comforting promise, some helpful truth, he might have carried with him through the day. Through the same eagerness to get to his worldly tasks, he misses a visit to the closet of prayer, and his Savior's benediction of peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. He misses, through the day, by timidity or pre-occupation, occasions for witnessing for Christ, and of the reacting strength and comfort. He misses of the prayer-meeting, through weariness, or the call of a friend, or the charm of some fascinating book, or the attraction of some bill of fare in earthly entertainments; and so does not enter with his brethren under the portal over which is written, "There am I in the midst of you." So he misses of a Sabbath of instruction and all its quickening influence; so he misses of the feast, the Master of which testifies, "My flesh is meat indeed."

Oh, these lost opportunities; charged against us on the remembering book, weakening all our spiritual forces, and robbing us of treasures inestimable for our spiritual life! Watch and pray against such losses!

Be avaricious of these sacred and priceless privileges! Let your reproach stand against your name of such woful delinquency!—REV. A. L. STONE, in *The Pacific*.

Our Book Table.

During the past year a series of very interesting and instructive papers have been published in *Harper's Magazine*, embodying the progress of American civilization in the various departments of mechanical invention and scientific discovery; in literature and art; the religious development of the century; advancement in medical knowledge and skill; and the record of social science and the care of the insane, the blind, the deaf, of criminals, and the exposure and peering classes. These valuable discussions by such experts as President Theodore D. Woolsey, D. D., LL. D., President Barnard, of Columbia College, Hon. David A. Wells, Hon. Francis A. Walker, Prof. Hunt, Sumner, Gill and Brewer, Edward Atkinson, E. P. Whipple, Eugene Lawrence, Rev. Dr. John F. Hurst, Austin Flint, M. D., and Charles L. Brace, have been gathered into a royal octavo volume of five hundred double-column pages, with a careful index. The volume has a special value as marking the progress of the nation during its first century; but its carefully prepared facts and statistics will give it a permanent interest as an encyclopaedia of information upon American progress. It is one of the most valuable of the Century volumes called out by the present era.

The Roman Catholic Church has no more hearty, conscientious, and intelligent opponent in this country, than Mr. Eugene Lawrence. He writes both from conviction and from fullness of reading and careful study. For the last six or eight years he has been a constant contributor to *Harper's Magazine*, nearly all his papers treating of some phase of the Catholic controversy. The specialty of this writer, however, has been the enmity of this powerful and vast Church, especially its hierarchy, to the education of the people. A volume of these valuable and elaborate papers has been gathered, making a stout octavo of over five hundred pages. It bears the simple title of *HISTORICAL STUDIES*, and its various chapters treat of the Bishops of Rome, of Leo and Luther, Loyola and the Jesuits, of Ecumenical Councils, the Vaudois, the Huguenots, the Church of Jerusalem, of Dominic and the Inquisition, of the Conquest of Ireland, and the Greek Church. Its authorities are fully announced in foot-notes; its style is flowing and graphic; and it is altogether one of the most readable, popular, and instructive of the great fallen Church, and exposition of the possible dangers attending its increased power in this country. It is a good volume for the adult shelves of our Sunday-school libraries.

Both of the above fine volumes are from the press of Harper & Brothers, and for sale by all the booksellers.

The same publishers add to the list of their select novels *ENGAGE, JUNIOR*; A Last Chronicle of Carlingford, by Mrs. Oliphant. The name of the excellent authoress is an adequate assurance both of the purity and power of the romance.

We announced, some time since, that the afflicted father of little Charlie Ross had in press a volume giving an account of the whole dreadful affair, with the strange adventures which have attended the, thus far, unsuccessful search for the little fellow. The book is now out from the press of John E. Potter & Co., Philadelphia, making a stout and handsomely published, 12mo of 430 pages. We opened the book simply to glance over its pages, rather desiring to peruse the story of an occurrence so distressing in every aspect of it; but we could not put the book down until we had finished its pages. It has a strange fascination in its simple and pathetic records. Indeed, it seems more like a romance than a reality from beginning to end. The style is that of the father, giving in the simplest language, but in a very clear manner, the strange story of the abduction, of the correspondence with the villains that concealed him, of the half dozen or more children found in various parts of the country and supposed to be the lost boy, of the dreadful suspense, of the momentary gleams of light, of the terrible death of the child, and of the confession of his partner in guilt, with the ineffectual efforts since that event to discover the place of the concealment, or the fact of the death, of Charlie, is of itself one of the chief attractions of this remarkable volume. It is published both to meet a natural and deep solicitude on the part of the public, and to have anything that has been discovered about this dreadful affair, and the long needed pecuniary assistance to the father in continuing his search. The book will be eagerly read in the family by the children, and will not be without profit.

We have received from the publishing house of Wood & Holbrook, New York, a small medical treatise, by M. L. Holbrook, M. D., upon *Liver Complaint, Nervous Dyspepsia and Headache*; the Causes, Prevention and Cure. The little manual is written in an untechnical and popular style. It appears to be a carefully prepared treatise, its position sustained by the best medical authorities. Its suggestions are eminently sensible and practical. A faithful following out of its constitutional remedies would secure a sweeter form of Christianity in many instances, and save the world from much sour godliness, and individuals from distressing pains and morbid anxieties.

The National Temperance Society, 55 Read Street, New York, publishes a valuable little manual prepared by Miss Frances E. Willard, entitled *HINTS AND HELPS IN WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE WORK*. It is just what is wanted by active Christian women when they wish to rise and work in the great reform. It tells them "how to do" wisely and well, giving proper forms for organization, and suggestions as to personal and organized work.

We have received a neat catalogue of Pennock's Normal Academy, Fishersville, N. H., of which Rev. A. C. Hardy, A. M., of the N. H. M. E. Conference, is principal and business manager. The school seems to have excellent appointments, and to be doing good educational work. It had 137 pupils in its spring term. Its scientific and business departments appear to be the largest. It has, however, a good normal class of young teachers.

NEW MUSIC FROM OLIVER DITSON & Co.—Lilly Polka, by Carl Wendelstein—Bella Juliet, by H. Lauer—Freedom March, by Carl Wendelstein; Grand Oration March, by H. D. Jones; Merry Thought Polka, by Gustav Michaelis; Pearls Streams Waltz, by Louis A. Chase; Rest at Last, by Henry P. Keens; Trusting on, by D. F. Hodges. From the same publishers: Instrumental—O Mio Fernando, by C. Everett; In the Free Air, by Jos. Low; Berceuse, by A. E. Babin; The Beautiful View, by C. E. Babin; Vocal—Thou Best and Brightest, by V. F. Lowe; The Lord is My Shepherd, by Hattie A. Ha'e.

The Christian World.

METHODISM IN INDIA.

BY REV. F. M. WHEELER.

Methodism, or the American branch of it, is now planted in India, both as an exotic and as an indigenous tree. So far as it has been introduced among the natives by our missionaries, it is now little else than an exotic. Nearly all its material strength comes from beyond the seas. Not only the missionaries, but nearly all the native preachers and exhorters, are supported from home, and, indeed, directly or indirectly, not a few of the teachers in the schools are paid from the same sources. But Methodism as being planted among Europeans, Anglo-Indians and English-speaking nations, is almost entirely an indigenous plant.

Its material support is found in India. It is to the importance of this indigenous Indian Methodism and its relation to our missionary operations in this country I would call attention. I would write if I could so as to arrest the attention of all who are interested in the missionary work of the Church. I have no hope, however, of reaching so many. The most I can do will be to awaken a new interest in the minds of such as are more deeply interested than ordinary missionary people.

I shall begin by stating some convictions which, to some, will appear as idle fancies, and which I have now neither space nor inclination to enforce by producing the arguments that have fixed them upon my mind. First, Methodism is destined to be as correspondingly great a factor in Christianizing Asia as it has been in evangelizing the United States; second, the work is to be immeasurably greater here than in America, in the obstacles to be overcome, the fields to be occupied, the populations to be reached, and the consequent influence on the human family; third, the work will be as it has already done here, and as it has almost invariably done in other lands, first among the humbler and poorer sort of people, and then upward, as men esteem upward, but as God sees down to the richer and socially higher classes; fourth, the various settlements of Europeans will form a kind of base, or rather many bases, for this evangelistic work; fifth, our whole missionary machinery will need to be re-adjusted to run more in the lines which Providence seems to be plainly indicating as the ones chosen for the advance of the Gospel. This can be done with increase of efficiency, and without increase of expense now, and with a certain increasing diminution of expense from this point toward a future point, when for this mission field it may cease. At such a time as this, certainly such a prospect should be examined.

Our Church missionary expenses have outrun their income; we have reached the average of what our people will give; no large advance can be made on former contributions; there ought to be much more given; slowly and gradually these contributions will probably increase, but not otherwise. Right or wrong, that is the fact, and one which cannot be obviated. We should adjust ourselves to meet it. The India Mission is by far the most expensive one we have. Its expense can be lessened, and the money saved diverted to more fruitful fields. I will speak plainly, but for myself alone. I will attempt to represent no other missionary's views, nor pronounce on any policy as followed by the home authorities. I know that many of the missionaries will disagree with what I am about to say, and the home authorities will likely conclude that the utterances are ill-advised, and the views immature. Time will show, and that very soon, that there is a measure of truth in them; and whether the home authorities approve or not, the circumstances of the case are about to compel a modification of our proceedings.

I shall now call attention principally to one phase of our missionary labor. It is well known that quite a considerable amount of missionary force in the way of men and money has been employed in teaching. Many missionaries of other societies are only teachers of one sort or another, and have spent, and are spending, thousands of rupees yearly in India, in teaching, not the Scriptures, but a little Scripture and much knowledge of other things. Our mission has not done so much teaching as any one of many other missions I could name, but it has done a fair share of it. A great deal of hard, expensive work has been performed, in giving secular and religious instruction to heathen boys. Naturally, the secular instruction has occupied most of the time spent in teaching, and nearly all the time and attention spent in learning.

Houses have been built, teachers hired and paid, tuition given free, or at nominal cost, in order to get a chance to reach the young minds with the Gospel truth. Results, widespread and lasting, are seen; a preparation for breaking up of old things and bringing in a new system has been secured; but the immediate results aimed at have not been largely gained. Something more direct must now be employed which could not before be well used. We cannot carry on the school system as we have been doing. Already we have changed our plans much, and must, I think, change still more.

The secular instruction of the heathen, or their secular instruction mixed with Scriptural teaching, cannot be carried farther. Neither should it. Government has now taken in hand the secular instruction of the people. Let government have it. It is not the work of missionary societies.

The heathen have learned the value of education which thousands and tens of thousands have received without cost. Now let them begin to pay for the instruction of their children as people do at home who are contributing money for the evangelization of the heathen. This is just. I do not see that it offends against charity.

RELIGIOUS.

The numerical report of the British Wesleyan Conference shows a net increase in members of 14,876; the number now being 372,938, with 33,228 on trial.

In Spain the Gospel is preached publicly in Madrid, Malaga, Seville, Granada, and many other cities and towns. There are eighty-five Bible depots, and 42,000 Bibles, and 35,000 New Testaments, 50,000 portions of Scripture, 1,300,000 tracts, all printed in Madrid, have been circulated.

The old Catholics of Germany have 60 ordained priests, 9 students of theology, a faculty of theology in Bonn, a Bishop, and 15,709 male members of mature age, who, with their families, represent a body comprising 49,351 souls. The old Catholics of Switzerland number 73,880 souls. The ordained priests are not fewer than 66.

Rev. M. M. Parkhurst, in one of his addresses, alluding to his late trip around the world, said: "I never saw a new heathen temple. All the pagan worship I witnessed was in an old, dilapidated temple." "Now that which decayeth and waxeth old," saith the inspired writer of Hebrews, "is ready to vanish away." How different is the aspect of Christianity to-day!

BRITISH CALVINISTIC METHODIST CHURCH.—The statistics of the denomination for the year 1876, presented at the General Assembly at Swansea, were of a most encouraging character, showing an increase of 5,167 in the number of communicants during the year. The following are the totals: Churches, 1,093; chapels and preaching stations, 1,212; ministers, 522; preachers, 305; deacons, 7,739; communicants, 106,742; probationers, 6,205; children in the Churches, 49,444; Sunday-school teachers, 20,385; scholars, 153,763; total collections, £154,048. Every monthly meeting and presbytery shared in the increase of membership.

One hundred years ago Polynesia, with its 12,000 islands, was for the first time clearly made known to the Europeans by the explorations of Captain Cook. Its population was entirely heathen, and the views of its people stood out in sad contrast with the natural beauty of these island groups.

Now by far the greater portion of Polynesia has become Christianized. Heathenism is mainly confined to the islands in the western part of the Pacific. The missionary societies, whose labors have been so greatly blessed in other parts of Polynesia, are combining their labors upon this western section. The London Missionary Society has undertaken the work on New Guinea and the islands at its eastern end. The Melanesian Mission will extend its labors to the Banks and Solomon Islands. The Presbyterians will enlarge their work on the new Hebrides. The Wesleyans have included New Britain and New Ireland in their field. The American Board, in connection with the Hawaiian churches, is enlarging its operations in Micronesia. The history of the Polynesian missions warrants us in expecting large results from this concentration of Christian influence upon numerous island groups, some of which have as yet been but partially explored.—*Christian Guardian*.

INDUSTRIAL AND SCIENTIFIC.

A machine has been invented, after a study of ten years, for making seamless paper boxes. It rolls them from the pulp, and will make six hundred an hour, no matter whether they are large or small, round or square.

Work on the east wing of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology in Cambridge is being pushed rapidly forward. This building, which is to be of brick, is situated about 200 feet south of the museum of comparative zoology, and will much resemble it in style, except the roof, which will be brick Mansard instead of slate. The wing will be about 87 feet long from north to south, and 44 feet wide, with a projection of 4 feet by 24 on the east side, and covering 3924 feet of land. The building will have a basement 11 feet high from top of basement floor to the top of first floor, and two stories, each twenty-two feet and two inches high, in which will be galleries in halls and exhibition rooms seven feet wide. It is proposed to make the addition to this wing run westward several hundred feet, and join with an addition to the museum of comparative zoology, thus forming a large square.—*Advertiser*.

The greatest addition to the industries of this State, within the last thirty years, is undoubtedly the manufacture of silk. Of the entire product in all the States, New Jersey is responsible for more than a third, the total figures for 1875 being \$27,158,071, and for this State \$10,950,035. New York stands next, and then Connecticut, the two together producing about the same amount. The rapid increase of this industry is astonishing. In 1870 the

silk manufactured in this country was but one-fourth the value of the imported, while last year we exceeded our importation by \$2,775,000. The great centre of the trade is Paterson, which thus unites the two great extremes of strength and delicacy, the locomotive at one end and silk at the other. Seven new factories were erected or completed last year. In this business, as in others, different localities become noted for their own special products. Sewing silks and twists are more largely made in New Jersey than elsewhere, while New Jersey sends out vast quantities of ribbons, millinery goods and neck-tie silks. The dress silks of Paterson have, however, achieved a splendid reputation, and we trust the time is not far distant when all American goods can be sold without a French label. Both in jewelry and silks this concession to fashion is yet made, and while the maker of the goods must be governed by necessity, it is little to the credit of the purchaser that he is under such a pressure.—*Newark Advertiser*.

Four projects, on paper or partially completed, are on hand for crossing the East and North rivers. These are: the Brooklyn bridge, 1630 feet clear span; the Poughkeepsie bridge, 1630 feet; the Blackwell's Island bridge, two spans, 1270 feet; and the Hudson river tunnel, ten thousand feet long. The cost of the Brooklyn bridge will be over thirteen millions, and the Hudson river tunnel about fifteen millions, according to the estimate. The company has ten millions capital. Concerning the suspension bridge over the Hudson the following facts are given: Entire length, 2230 feet; distance between centres of towers, 1680 feet; clear span, 1630 feet; clear height above water, 155 feet; railway grade above water, 160 feet; height of towers above water, 340 feet. The towers are to be wrought iron, with granite foundation piers; the cables and backstays of the best steel, in links and pins, not wires. The rest of the work is to be wrought iron of the best quality.

The anchorage and foundations are in solid rock. The bridge does not encroach upon the waterway of the river at all, and can never for a moment interfere with navigation, either during its construction or afterward. The site is at Anthony's Nose, four miles above Peekskill, which is the best crossing between New York and Albany. According to expectation this route will receive a large freight and passenger traffic by railway trains.—*Advertiser*.

LITERARY AND EDUCATIONAL.

It is claimed that the normal school at Castine is the largest but one in New England. Last term there were 175 pupils.

An American girl, Julia Sinclair, has taken her degree as doctor of medicine at the University of Zurich.

The total attendance on the schools in the Argentine Republic is 117,203, the school population being 459,122. In Chili the attendance is 83,812, and the school population 590,941. In Brazil there is a school population of 2,945,000, and the school attendance is 155,058.

A history of Milan Cathedral, in four large quarto volumes, is among the works announced from Milan. The book will contain a thorough history of the cathedral, from its foundation, in 1386, under Giovanni Galeazzo, to the present time. Much interesting information will doubtless be furnished by the work.

The English universities are the product of government, yours of private munificence. That among us is almost unknown. The general notion of an Englishman when he gets rich is to found an estate and benefit his family. The general notion of an American when fortunate is to do something for the good of the people, and from which benefits shall continue to flow. The latter is the nobler ambition.—*Prof. Huxley*.

The number of illiterates in the United States by the census of 1870, above the age of ten years, in round numbers was 5,500,000. Of these more than 200,000 were adults, upwards of 2,000,000 more were from fifteen to twenty-one years of age, and 1,000,000 were between ten and fifteen years. Of the number between fifteen and twenty-one years, it is estimated that about one-half have passed the opportunities for education. Of the 930,000 illiterates between fifteen and twenty-one years, who have passed their opportunities for instruction, 137,000 are in the Northern States, 15,000 in the Pacific, and 778,000 in the Southern.

The University of Georgia has graduated 1,388 alumni, of whom 35 have been judges of superior courts, 30 members of Congress, 31 United States and Confederate States senators, 1 Vice President of the Confederate States, 1 Secretary of Treasury of the United States, 1 Speaker of Congress, 1 United States District Attorney, 1 State Treasurer, 3 State governors, 4 speakers of Georgia house of representatives, 2 controllers of Georgia, 1 State attorney-general, 7 presidents of colleges, 42 professors in colleges, 2 bishops.

The Prefect of the Seine has proposed to reward the good boys of the higher class municipal schools in Paris by giving them not the humdrum book, nor traditional school prize, but a ten days' trip to the seaside. Here they will take up their abode, accompanied by the doctor of the school, the professor of natural history, and other masters, and everything will thus be done to make the sojourn at the seaside instructive as well as agreeable.

Mr. H. G. Lange, publisher at Neussalt, Silesia, Prussia, will soon publish a new German Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, in fifty discourses, by pastor Krummacher, of Brandenburg.

Prof. Huxley says of the collection of antiquities of Prof. Marsh, of Yale: "There is none like it in Europe, not only in extent of time covered, but by reason of its bearing on the problem of evolution; whereas, before this collection was made, evolution was a matter of speculative reasoning, it is now a matter of fact and history as much as the monuments of Egypt. In that collection are the facts of the succession of forms and the history of their evolution. In the large sense, as referring to times before man made his monetary appearance, America is the place to study the antiquities of the globe. The reality of the enormous amount of material here has surpassed my anticipation."

TEMPERANCE.

TOBACCO.

We give in this report a brief review of the statements of the Maine Conference against tobacco, for the past twenty years—from 1856 to 1876.

We quote the language used in the Minutes as definitive, declarative and condemnatory. Repetition is the law of conviction and reformation—"Line upon line, precept upon precept." This year is "Centennial," and repetition is in order.

From 1856 to 1862 tobacco is declared to be an "expensive and needless indulgence, an injurious narcotic, a debasing indulgence, and like alcohol a violation of the laws of physical, intellectual and moral life."—Dr. Allen.

It is declared also to be "a fearful waste of money, a pernicious habit, at war with cleanliness, unbecoming a Christian, and especially a Christian minister." It is further termed "a destructive, sensual indulgence," and "an unchristian and pernicious habit." From 1862 to 1876 it is condemned as "a vile narcotic," "a vile and unhealthy practice," "a poisonous weed," "a filthy habit," "a great evil," and "a sinful indulgence." Thus we have the convictions of this Conference most emphatically expressed. From the Maine Conference we turn to the utterances of our "Book Room" at New York. Tobacco is condemned in terms not to be misunderstood, misconstrued or compromised in the war against this sin.

We give a few sample quotations as follows: "Tobacco is a poison," "a violent poison," "It poisons the blood, impairs digestion, and depresses the vital powers."

"It is a filthy practice and a moral slavery." "It blights and blasts the intellect," and "is a heathenish indulgence."

"It has an unholy alliance with rum and lust and the ruin of immortal souls." "Any Christian in this day of light, who uses the poisonous and filthy weed as a luxury may well doubt whether he is accepted with God."—True.

"A slave of appetite cannot be a Christian."—Gibbons. "At this moment tobacco is one of the greatest hindrances to the cause of religion and morality."—True.

Such is the sentiment of Methodist literature upon this subject—see Essays of Drs. Gibbons, True and Crane. If these statements are true, there is certainly a great reform demanded in the Church and the world to-day. St. Paul declares that "our bodies are the temple of the Holy Ghost. If any man defile the temple of God, him will God destroy."

That we may cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, be it—

Resolved, 1. That the pungent publications of our Church give promise and pledge of a radical reform on this question.

2. That the "Arts of Intoxication," by Dr. Crane, the Prize Essay "On Tobacco and its Effects," by Dr. Gibbons, and "A word to Lads on Tobacco," by Dr. True, be placed in our Sunday-school libraries, and circulated generally in our societies.

3. That in reading the "Rules of Society" which condemn "Needless self-indulgence," "Doing no harm," "Doing that which is not for the glory of God," the sentiments of our Conference and Church be read in connection as a note of explanation.

4. That we re-affirm the standing resolution of this Conference, that no minister be admitted into this body who indulges in this "unchristian and unministerial habit."

5. That if there are members of our Church who sell this "vile narcotic," for the honor of religion and the purity of the Church, we request them to abandon the business at once.—*Maine Conference Minutes*.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

Sept. 12, 1876.

Flour—Superfine, \$2.25 @ 3.00; extra, \$4.00 @ 4.75; Michigan, \$3.50 @ 4.31; St. Louis, \$3.50 @ 4.50; Southern Flour, \$3.50 @ 4.50.

CORN—Mixed and Yellow, 57 @ 61c; do. bush.

OATS—24 @ 50c; do. bush.

RYE—75 @ 80c; do. bush.

SHORTS—\$15.00 @ 15.50 @ 16c.

FEED—\$17.00 @ 18.00 @ 19c.

SKED—Timothy Hay, \$2.00 @ 2.25 @ 2.50; do. Red Top, \$3.50 @ 3.75 per bag; R. I. Seed, \$3.00 @ 3.50 bushel; Clover, 18 @ 19c. lb.

APPLES—\$1.50 @ 1.55 @ 1.60.

PEACHES—\$1.50 @ 1.55 @ 1.60.

REEF—\$10.00 @ 12.00 for mess and extra mess, and \$12.50 @ 13.00 @ 14c. for family.

POKE—\$2.00 @ 2.50; do. 11 1/2 @ 11c; Ham, 15 @ 16c; do. 11 1/2 @ 11c.

BUTTER—22 @ 23c.

CHEESE—Factory, 9 @ 10c.

EGGS—18 @ 20c per doz.

HAY—\$10.00 @ 10.50 @ 11c.

BEANS—Extra, \$1.50 @ 1.75 @ 1.80; medium, \$1.00 @ 1.10 @ 1.20.

POULTRY—18 @ 20c per doz.

TURKEYS—30c @ 35c.

BEETS—25c @ 30c.

CARROTS—30c @ 35c.

CABBAGE—4 @ 5c, each.

MARROW SQUASH—1c @ 2c.

DRIED APPLES—9 @ 10c.

ONIONS—8c @ 9c.

WINTER POTATOES—\$2.25 @ 2.50 @ 3.00.

PEACHES—Crawford, \$1.50 @ 2.00 @ 2.50.

REMARKS.—Beef remains unaltered, and the demand is moderate. There is a good demand, and an active market, for choice grades of Butter. Eggs are firmer. Apples are plenty, and dull. Bartlett Pears sell at 15 @ 16c.

NEW YORK MARKET.

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POULTRY—18 @ 20c per doz.

TURKEYS—30c @ 35c.

BEETS—25c @ 30c.

CARROTS—30c @ 35c.

CABBAGE—4 @ 5c, each.

MARROW SQUASH—1c @ 2c.

DRIED APPLES—9 @ 10c.

ONIONS—8c @ 9c.

WINTER POTATOES—\$2.25 @ 2.50 @ 3.00.

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POULTRY—18 @ 20c per doz.

TURKEYS—30c @ 35c.

BEETS—25c @ 30c.

CARROTS—30c @ 35c.

CABBAGE—4 @ 5c, each.

MARROW SQUASH—1c @ 2c.

DRIED APPLES—9 @ 10c.

ONIONS—8c @ 9c.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

The name of each subscriber is printed on the paper sent every week, and the date following the name indicates the year, month, and day to which it is paid. If this date does not correspond with payments made, the subscriber should notify the Publisher immediately.

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To return a paper, or refuse to take it from the post-office is not a proper notice to stop it. Persons wishing to discontinue their paper should write to the office of publication and say so; but should be very careful to forward amount due, for a subscriber is legally held as long as the paper may be sent, if the arrears remain unpaid.

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ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1876.

FIFTEEN MONTHS

For Only \$2.50, and 20cts. additional for Postage.

New subscribers, who will forward their names BETWEEN THIS AND OCTOBER 1ST, shall have the paper the **BALANCE OF THE YEAR FREE!!** And on the payment of their subscription it will be dated January 1, 1878.

This offer is made with the expectation of adding to our list a large number of NEW NAMES.

We wish most earnestly to appeal to every Methodist minister to make the offer known to his people at once.

Do not, brethren, allow the matter to be delayed.

There is not, probably, a Church in New England where there could not be obtained many new subscribers by a little special effort.

Also, bear in mind that the interests of the paper are largely in your hands. We send out no special agents, and if you fail to give it your attention, it is entirely neglected.

Be kind enough to announce our offer to your congregations WITHOUT DELAY.

Also, make arrangements for canvassing the Church and Society. If it is not possible for you to give it your personal attention, select some suitable person to do so.

Lists of subscribers will be forwarded very soon to each preacher in charge; and, in the mean time, we hope arrangements will be made for a thorough canvass of every Church and Society.

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According to the new postage law, publishers are obliged to collect postage. Subscribers are relieved of the trouble of paying postage at the office where the paper is delivered, as formerly, but it is to be sent to the publisher in advance.

We sincerely hope that every preacher will call the attention of his people to this subject, and urge upon those who do not take ZION'S HERALD the importance of doing so.

And let every reader of this paper recommend it to his neighbor who may not be a subscriber.

Persons wishing to subscribe, and not finding it convenient to pay now, can forward their names immediately (that they may have the full benefit of our offer), and send the money between this and January 1st.

A. S. WEED, Publisher,
36 Bromfield St., Boston.

A GREAT UPLIFT.

That is what the Church needs at this hour, a great uplift and a divine inspiration. She is in a hopeful condition. Despite the challenges of doubt, she enjoys the respect of the world. The purer forms of Christianity are rapidly growing. None of her institutions are weakening. The moral element within the Church preserves its membership, as a rule, from immorality. The lapses from virtue are the exceptions, and the sensation occasioned by any public scandal on the part of a Christian professor, shows both the sensitiveness of the conscience among the members of religious bodies, and the rareness of the event. Neither the Church nor the world have become so used to such events as to cease being surprised at their occurrence. The business morality of the world, although much below the Christian standard, is publicly tested and measured by it. However personally popular a man may be, however high in position, if he commits open breaches upon the ethical canons of the Christian Revelation, there is vital faith enough in the community to cast him down from his social throne, and to add public reprobation to legal punishment. Just now a great party is brought into serious jeopardy because many of its leaders have opposed themselves to their selfish and vicious acts to the quickened moral conscience of the community.

But, with all this, the Church has not sufficient grasp upon the world to give religious interests a predominance over secular. She cannot crowd her sanctuaries. She is not felt with much power in the highways and dark places of sin in our cities. Her congregations are not converted; her children are not early brought into her fellowship; she has not a constant evangelizing progress among the populations where she stands as the light and hope of the world. Tens of thousands of sermons are preached without converting a sinner or inspiring a saint. An amazing amount of direct agency, of organized instrumentality, of extraordinary measures, is exerted without much manifest result. In the great body of our religious services there is but a slight appearance of moral power, and no great effort seems to be requisite on the part of unconvinced persons to resist the formal persuasions to a religious life.

There are hundreds and even thousands of earnest and devout Christians in the land; but in some sense they seem to be almost a class by themselves. They have their special services. They meet in great congregations to enjoy protracted opportunities for mutual conference and help. They do not forbid, but earnestly seek, the presence and spiritual concurrence of others, yet they do not gain it. The result seems to be, that, throughout the Churches, there are little handfuls of godly men and women who confer often together and take great comfort in each other's society, while the vast body of the Christian membership remains unaffected by their fervor or their faithfulness. Many of these persons exhibit great elevation and purity of life; great deadness to the world, and extraordinary spiritual apprehension of the presence and favor of God. They stand as a kind of ideal illustration of the possibilities of grace, but of a condition of life esteemed neither possible nor practicable for average Christians. Indeed, in many instances, their experiences are esteemed morbid rather than natural, or, at best, a special gift of God, rather than an ordinary example of Christian life and enjoyment.

In some instances, late evangelists have been eminently honored in their public efforts in great centres of population. They have gathered immense masses of people. Large numbers of Christians have flocked to their services and have been greatly revived by the animated exercises of these extraordinary means of grace. Hundreds of persons, some of them fairly miracles of spiritual power, have been converted to God. But the same result has followed in these instances. Limited portions of local Churches only have been affected. The great body has remained unmoved, so that after the most successful of their meetings have closed, certain cool and calculating ministers, looking around, and not giving, perhaps, sufficient weight to general results, have asserted, what was doubtless true, that in the great body of the Churches there were no apparent evidences of the spiritual awakening kindled by the evangelists; and, indeed, that the lively sensation they occasioned by their immense gatherings had rendered the ordinary services of the Churches somewhat insipid, and had scattered rather than increased worshipping congregations. This is really the reason why a higher estimate is not placed upon the united services of the Young Men's Christian Association. Unless the pastors are personally alive, and earnestly follow up their large and lively union gatherings, the average local meetings will lose attraction rather than gain by such occasional services.

Now what is needed is something more general and much more powerful. The Church requires a fresh and stronger grasp upon the world. The tide that now flows the wrong way needs to be turned by a Divine Hand that it may roll towards the altars of God's house. The whole Church needs a baptism—pulpit, pews, singing-galleries and Sunday-school. The air is heavy and worldly; it needs to be purified by a powerful breath from on high. These slight religious movements, which serve barely to replace the inroads of death upon the Church, are worthy of all the endeavors out of which they are born, but the world will never be saved by them. The meetings which are now

planned for the opening of the new year will be of no more lasting or profound or general service to this city and vicinity, than the meetings in New York were to it, without a more pronounced divine element enters into them. What was there, in the arresting of the great tides of life in that metropolis, that manifested the presence and the power of God? When the revival in 1857 occurred, the hand of God touched every portion of that city, and theatres were thronged on week-days to hear the preaching of the Gospel, and the non-day meetings which have lasted until the present time were established. Now, this is our want. We need the presence and blessing of the Holy Spirit more than the agency of Moody and Sankey. This may be secured long before the tabernacle is completed, or the devoted evangelists enter the city. The Comforter waits upon the hithering and thirsting prayers of the Church. To call generally upon God in the persistent use of the appropriate and long-honored means of grace, is the most hopeful measure to secure what the Christian Church and the world need above everything beside.

TRUTH AND FICTION.

The Serbian struggle with the Turk is about at a close for the present, and as we look back over the two months, or less, that it has lasted, we find it more difficult than ever, in these Eastern complications, to separate truth from fiction. One thing only is clear, the diplomacy of the Great Powers has again brilliantly displayed its art in still maintaining the status quo, by so guiding the course of events that the most unwished-for result has become reality. To all appearances the Turk will now be stronger and more overbearing than ever in his treatment of the Danubian provinces.

The great problem in the whole story yet remains, that of separating truth from fiction. What is true, and what is false? At the commencement of these troubles, now almost two years ago, an early peace was promised, whereas the strife between the Slavs and the Turks continued to increase in bitterness; and again, the struggle would at most be local, whereas it has in reality, during its continuance, involved all the nationalities of the region except the Greeks. All the battles have the fortunate faculty of helping both parties to glorious victories, and if they had lasted a few weeks longer, both armies would have been consumed to the last man. These exaggerated or absolutely false stories have become so common, that the world has hardly known what to believe; and in the popular mind the whole affair has approached that of a farce, while thoughtful men have awaited in suspense the final end to know the real condition of the strife.

This falsification has been mainly produced, on the one hand, by the leaders of the Slavonian journals, and on the other by the Turkish bulletins. But these Turks are awkward in the accounts of their battles; they simply falsify results, but are not inventive. The Slavonian journals are far ahead of them in the art of fiction, for they announce victories before the battles have been fought; they have assured us again and again that Tcherniaeff—the "great commander"—had ground the Turkish armies to powder, and so filled the Danube with corpses that the mill-wheels were obstructed by the bodies of dead soldiers. And they repeat the oft-told story of Joan of Arc, in the Bulgarian maid that seized a red flag with one hand, while she raised the cross with the other, and thus panicked, incited the hitherto timid peasantry to battle and victory.

And now that the struggle is evidently drawing to a close, with the Slavonians utterly defeated, it is quite surprising to see the inventive power of the correspondents of Slavonian journals. They are already fully informed as to the intent and purposes of the Porte, and are confident that it will not be allowed to gather the fruits of its victory. Neither Serbia nor Montenegro will submit to curtailment of power, and the entire independence of both the provinces is the only condition on which they will accept the peace that is forced upon them. The Porte will not even be allowed to collect the costs according to the usages of war, one of the first of which is indemnity from the conquered party. At most, a Turkish garrison will be permitted to settle in Belgrade, to be on hand to prevent future risings.

But they leave us quite in the dark respecting the result of all these doings. The war was declared in the beginning to be a volcanic outbreak of long-suppressed indignation on the part of the provinces of the region, all of which would unite in the uprising against the Turkish oppressors. But, on the contrary, the other provinces have shown but little sympathy, and given no aid; and even Serbia and Montenegro have not held well together, and are now contending as to the way of bringing the futile struggle to a close. We are sorry to see the accusation, from apparently reliable sources, that the rebellion of these two States was artificially nurtured, and was not the spontaneous work of the people. Had it been spontaneous, or even sustained by half the Slavonians of the Danubian valley, it would have flamed up with mighty power.

In the course of the conflict neither of the leaders appears to have gained much credit. Prince Milan, of Serbia, who commenced the fight with such high-sounding phrases, seems to have been extremely jealous of Nicholas of Montenegro, and the latter would seem to have had his own glory, rather than the success of his cause, uppermost in

mind. The great object of the insurrection was to form a Pan-Slavistic union of all the Slavs in the Turkish provinces, of which both princes seem anxious to be declared the head, and this was to be gained by intrigue rather than by free expression of the will of the whole nation. This war seems to be against the Turks primarily, with a view finally of turning it against the Austrians, so far as their Slavonian provinces are concerned; and the proclamations of all the leaders had a tendency this way, beginning with that of Prince Milan, of Serbia. It is, in short, a movement inspired by Russia, and feared by Austria on account of its Slavonic peoples, and by the Hungarians on account of their hatred of the whole race.

Had the Serbians conquered, and driven the Turks from Bosnia and Herzegovina, they would next have expelled them from Bulgaria, and then raised the standard against all the enemies of the Slavonians, which would have brought on a bitter conflict between them and both Hungary and Austria; and this peculiar and troublesome complication is the cause of all the misfortunes of the entire locality.

Now, we are in no sympathy with the Turk, and would like to see him driven out of Europe; and if half the accounts of his atrocities in Bulgaria are true, he should be crushed by the civilized world. But we see no good sense in jumping from the frying-pan into the fire. Let Russia obtain these provinces through the false cry of sympathy for the Serbians and others, and she would soon erect a second Russia on the Danube that would not confine itself to controlling the Turk, but would also prove a barrier to the spread of Protestant civilization eastward. The whole region is to be the arena, before long, of a great struggle between eastern and western culture and interests.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Our great and critical Conference at Nottingham has come and gone. It is destined to be a memorable one. In some respects, perhaps, the most memorable in history. The town of Nottingham is a fair and comely city, set in as beautiful a frame of parks, foliage, recreation and nursery grounds, as is to be seen in England. It is also historically important and interesting, having figured prominently in more than one political and national crisis; but I must not turn my simple letter into a hand-book for tourists, or a topographical dictionary. It is a large and influential Methodist centre, together with Derby and Leicester, it may be said to dominate and influence east midland Methodism. We have four or five large, handsome and commodious chapels there, besides several smaller ones; and our members include several lace and hosiery manufacturers, besides a full proportion of the shopkeeping class of society. The Conference was held in Halifax Place chapel—a very handsome building internally, seating some fifteen hundred people, but objectionable for Conference purposes because of the huge warehouses which closely surround it, and hem it in, making proper ventilation almost impossible; and also because there is no internal communication between the basement story (containing vestries, school-rooms, etc.) and the chapel itself. The weather was fearfully hot, and the closeness and offensive smells anything but agreeable. Yet Nottingham must be a healthy town; for, in spite of the above-named great disadvantage, I did not hear of any case of illness among some six or seven hundred men.

The Conference met a warm and most hearty welcome. Early in the preceding week, the mayor and sheriff of the town waited upon the president and other members of the stationing committee, bidding them welcome to the town, and inviting the Conference to attend a *soirée* in the Mechanic's Hall. This invitation was duly laid before the Conference, and was very cordially accepted. The meeting was a great success. A large and brilliant company had been invited to meet the ministers, and altogether some fourteen or fifteen hundred guests partook of the mayoral and shrieval hospitalities. It was a bright and refreshing oasis in the midst of Conference heat, routine and toil.

Another most pleasant episode occurred during the Conference. Rev. Canon Morse, vicar of St. Mary's, invited the Conference to attend a special service to be held in this church at a convenient hour on the Conference Sunday. The Conference could not, in its corporate capacity, accept the invitation, but it passed a hearty vote of thanks to the worthy Canon, and informed him that doubtless many members of his body would attend. In fact, about two hundred were present; and, after service, Mr. Morse invited them to tea—an act of hospitality without precedent in the Church of England. A delightful and profitable hour was spent between the afternoon and evening services. Canon Morse is a man of unusually broad and liberal spirit. He is strictly evangelical, but seems to be entirely free from the prejudices, and above the clerical arrogance, which distinguish too many of his brethren. These two episodes will long be remembered to the credit of the worthy citizens of Nottingham.

The question as to who should be the occupant of the presidential chair awakened unusual and most lively interest. Up to the very eve of Conference, it had been almost assumed that Rev. W. B. Pope, one of our late representatives to your General Conference, would be elected; and, had he been present, no doubt he would have

been chosen by a large majority. But, on his return from his mission to you, he found himself under the necessity of obtaining medical advice. The result was a formal and very explicit written declaration that he must not undertake any special responsibility or work—least of all, such heavy responsibility and work as are devolved upon our president. Mr. Pope yielded to this counsel, and was absent from the Conference—influenced, in the judgment of those who should know him best, not only by the medical opinion, but by the most decided opposition to the scheme of lay representation prepared for the consideration of the Conference by the special committee. Some four hundred ministers, out of perhaps seven hundred present, constituted this year the elective body; and these, by Mr. Pope's withdrawal, were suddenly called upon, so to speak, to improvise a president. Mr. Alexander McAulay stood next on the list to the successful candidate last year, and, of course, he had many supporters this year. Those who would have voted for Mr. Pope were divided between Dr. Rigg and Rev. Samuel Coley, theological tutor at Headingly College. It was impossible to ascertain whether of the two latter had the larger number of supporters; and, as the friends on either side were resolved to stand by the man of their choice, a coalition became impracticable. The result was, as might be anticipated, a very divided vote. In the end, Mr. McAulay obtained one hundred and forty-six votes; Dr. Rigg, 137; Mr. Coley, 126. The entire number of votes sent up was four hundred and twenty-two; so that our new president was chosen by some six, more than one-third of the whole number voting. This was felt to be an awkward state of things, and I heard many express an opinion in favor of your principle which, as I understand, requires an absolute majority in such a case. However, we have not that principle; but we have what answers just as well, the brotherly feeling and frank and hearty loyalty which accepts the decision of a majority, however small, and rallies round the new president, by way of both congratulation and support. In the present instance, we have abundant reason to believe that the wishes of the majority were overruled by divine wisdom, and that God has given us, in Mr. McAulay, the man for the time and the place.

The new president is an eminently godly man; and his godliness is of an especially fervent and communicative type. This was felt almost from the moment of his taking possession of the chair. Conference devotional services are always most impressive. They were intensely so this year. The conversation on the work of God, and a prayer-meeting conducted by the president during the absence of the stationing committee, will long be especially remembered as times of remarkable blessing and power.

Mr. McAulay displayed qualities, with the possession of which he had been hardly credited. At all events, even his warm supporters did not expect to see them so conspicuously shown. He is naturally a sanguine, nervous, impulsive, and energetic man; and, looking forward to the serious discussions impending, a good many were anxiously wondering how he would deal with the Conference, when burning and exciting questions were *sub* *l* *i* *t* *e*. It was soon evident that, whatever might be the natural gifts or defects of the president, he was under special divine influence and guidance. For my own part, I have never seen the chair more worthily or efficiently occupied. The calmness, dignity, self-control, and absolutely colorless impartiality shown by the president, were truly wonderful, and drew forth many an expression of thankfulness to God.

YOUR ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT,
London, Aug. 24, 1876.

[The graphic account of the great debate on Lay Representation will appear next week.—ED. HERALD.]

Editorial Notes.

The triangular political struggle in Massachusetts is now fairly opened, and he must have a very profound insight into future probabilities, who dares to prophesy what the result will be. The Republican party presents its last year's ticket—the present occupants of office. There could not be truer or purer men politically or morally than the majority, certainly, of those whose names will be found on this ticket. Governor Rice is a Christian gentleman, an accomplished business man, a man of long public experience, a scholar and an orator of fine address. Unfortunately, for a unanimity of sentiment in his favor among honest and hearty Republicans, Gov. Rice stands as the declared representative of legislative enactments upon one of the most important moral questions of the day, which thousands of conscientious men in the State cannot approve, but must oppose, from the deepest convictions, with all their power and in every practicable form. The party, as a party, in its platform, declares expressing any opinion upon the subject other than to intimate that equally thoughtful and sincere men differ in their judgment as to the wisest modes to save the State and its citizens from the wretched consequences of intemperance. The great trouble is, that this ignoring of the subject is, after all, the most effectual opposition to any effective progress in reforming the evil.

The result will be, that the third party, now formally organized with Mr. Baker and Dr. Eddy at its head, will make, this year, a very manifest and serious impression upon the Republican vote; because, significantly enough, and much to its credit in this respect, this class of moral reformers have, heretofore, acted largely in harmony with this party. Many will, probably, follow the

same course they pursued last year, changing the head of the ticket, and voting the remainder as a conscientious protest against the voluntary disregard of the deep and loudly expressed desires of thousands of constituents.

But another serious disturbing element is the remarkable nomination of Charles Francis Adams by the Democratic party. Many, doubtless, will vote from personal considerations for one so honored by descent and by a noble life. But in all this work of voting, while there may be sometimes a wide choice as to the personal character and abilities of men, it is never to be forgotten that parties and not individuals decide State and Federal policy; and while men may be relied upon, great party necessities or pledges override individual convictions, as we have had sad enough evidence in the past. Let us enter into the great discussion soberly but earnestly, conscientiously and prayerfully, and may "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts" from any action perilous to herself or to the Republic.

We read with amazement an essay by Col. Robert Tansill, of Manassas, Va., published in the local papers of the State upon "The Negro and His Peculiar Admirers." It is evidently written from conviction, and exhibits excellent temper; but it is the narrowest, most extravagant, and remarkable outpouring of ignorance and prejudice that ever fell under our eyes as coming from a person of ordinary cultivation. He gravely declares that the difference between the black man and the white is not a matter of civilization or education, but of nature, and is as broad as between the "eagle and buzzard," "the dog and the hyena;" and "we are admonished by God," he says, "against the danger of being 'unequally yoked.'" As the "tiger does not lose his savage nature by being removed from his wild haunts and confined in a cage," but when released exhibits all his "savage characteristics," so also with the negro," he affirms. "Remove his wholesome subordination, restraint and fear, and he will soon exhibit his barbarous nature and instincts." He declares that not a single negro in the world's history has ever raised himself "above mediocrity in the arena of intellect," although "thousands of millions of dollars have been expended by the white race upon him." "They have not produced even one great man or woman!" He thinks it requires no gift of prophecy to foretell "the horrors that will be enacted in this country if this pernicious negro element is permitted to continue to take part in the Federal and State governments." He affirms that no natural tenderness or love for their masters kept the slaves from insurrection and bloody revenge during the late war, but simply the most cowardly fear and mental weakness. He does not think "because the negro is barbarous" that this is adequate reason for his being treated with cruelty or injustice, which is the most creditable thing the Colonel says in his essay. He affirms that "it is 'always wise and good to be just!'" a declaration with which he may challenge the civilized world with no fear of contradiction! He must, however, always be called "negro" and not "colored," for the latter term is a "misnomer."

The Colonel has even a peculiar kind of pity for us at the North who sincerely hold to different views, and thus pathetically closes his essay:—"I love human progress so long as it is human, but when it degenerates into vice and inhumanity, and converts us into miserable bastards of nature, I despise, I loathe it. Surely those who would thus corrupt and pervert human nature are all 'weakness in good, strong in all evil.' But we should seek their reformation by facts and reason, and not by violent denunciation."

We are sorry to express our fear that even this well-meant effort to secure this end has fallen in our instance.

The Western Methodist (Church South), in accepting the result of the Fraternal Commissioners, interprets it in a much broader sense, doubtless, than the Commissioners themselves intended; certainly, very different from the interpretation placed upon it by The Methodist last week. This is "absorption" or "organic union;" and in such a condition of common Church membership, where will our African M. E. brother find himself?

"But—we say it thoughtfully and deliberately—the logic of events, displayed in the action of the Joint Commission, demands the union of Northern Methodists in the South with the M. E. Church, South, and the union of Southern Methodists in the North with the M. E. Church. We leave out of view brethren, Northern and Southern, on 'the border,' as it is used to be called, because their case was provided for in the division of 1844; and we leave out of view also the colored brethren, because those who were in the M. E. Church, South, have been settled in their own organization. But, after these exceptions, we say that because encroachments, North and South, were and are based on facts and principles, or on misconceptions and prejudices, all of which, by the action of the Joint Commission, have been set aside as without force, and because fraternity, not merely Christian, but Methodist fraternity—a common membership—in one Methodist family—wherever experienced, must have its development and demonstration, it follows, of course, that are long, though gradually, and yet as rapidly as human nature will yield to God's grace, there can be in no one territory, either in our own country, or in foreign missions, two annual Conferences; and there can be in no one city, town, or neighborhood, Churches, or societies, representing the two Methodisms. The continuance of 'a stir against altar' is impossible in the loving presence of fraternity—in the light of the action of the Joint Commission—in the light of Methodism as it was, and as it will be, by the blessing of God. Certainly the action of the Joint Commission, if it means anything worthy of its origin and promise, says—as does also the genius of our holy religion, of 'Christianity in earnest'—says to Southern Methodists in the North, unite with the M. E. Church, and says to Northern Methodists in the South, unite with the M. E. Church, South. If this course be a 'wise rule of settlement, where property is in contest,' as recommended by the Joint Commission, it is a wise rule of settlement

where property is not in contest—wiser in the latter than in the former case. But if we have given too large and liberal an interpretation to the action of the Commissioners, we must admit that we are not satisfied with that action."

The political atmosphere rings with the sounds of reform, but it is evident the leaders have not penetrated to the root of the matter. The *outs* think reform means to put them in; the *ins* to secure the means of staying in. Both are mistaken in supposing our trouble can be much helped by political manipulation. The disease is inward and lies deep, requiring radical treatment. The corresponding editor of the Southern Christian Advocate speaks to the point. Let all the people north as well as south hear what he says:—

"The reformation must begin with the people. As well try to counteract a three months' drought with street sprinklers—'laying the dust,' as they say—as to give us national reform by simply swapping rulers. Most of our political doctors are thoroughbred quacks. They treat symptoms—prescribing local lotions to cure pimples and blisters when the very blood is full of a disease, and nothing short of a radical constitutional treatment can reach the trouble and save the patient. Bad politics are only symptoms—mere eruptions on the skin that tell of disease within. Reform must be; but to be true reform, it must be reform of ourselves. This is discouraging to some people who imagine that there is some short cut out of the morass in which we find ourselves. But slow as the method is, there is no help for it—true reform is reform of the people. If the people by the help of God reform their morals, they will have reformed all else.

"Partisans—perhaps deluded themselves, both Democratic and Republican—are taking occasion, from the stagnation of business, the scarcity of money, and the arrest of enterprise, to delude the people as to the 'bottom causes,' both as to causes and remedies. Our rulers deserve blame, no doubt—and they receive it without stint. Bad laws and bad government have much more to do with the deplorable state of our affairs. But the trouble is with the people themselves—with us all, more or less. We have not been wise in our generation, nor always honest. Our American methods of doing business—our over-trading, our extravagance, our grasping, speculative spirit—these things may explain the origin of our trouble. And much of it was inevitable, under any administration, after such a war as that which swept over and desolated so large a part of our territory for four wretched years. These things being so—if there is to be only a change of masters—we will experience little change of condition. Extravagance, over-trading, under production, avariciousness, laziness and corruption, will work out their result under any administration, Democratic or Republican."

In nothing do we mistake so much as in the minute things of life. We are continually straining after the great, but life, like nature, is made up of the little. The ocean is composed of infinite drops; the broad universe is only a mass of particles. So is human life, not one or two grand things, but an infinite series of little, common, unimportant things. Humble duties, joys, sorrows, cares and misfortunes crowd the record.

You attempt some grand thing, and console yourself on the virtue you would display if such grand duties lay within your reach. But it is all deception. The truest measure of our virtue is in the little matters of every day. "He that is faithful in the least is faithful also in much," is the profound rule of the Master Himself. The discipline to be judged by the cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple, rather than by the large donation or the onerous duty. The little are possible to all. In what a sad condition should we have been if happiness or heaven had been made to depend on the discharge of some grand duty! Only one man in a thousand would have been in a situation to do it. But these smaller matters are open to us all, and they form the indispensable elements of life and duty. The few grand things that enter into our lives hinge and turn on the less conspicuous as to so many pivots.

We should be more concerned, then, to husband the little than to possess the great. In the multiplied littles we have the great. Heaven is really lost or won by some little duty or neglect.

Nothing is more evident than that, at the South, there are men of position and character who heartily desire to see friendly relations between the Northern and Southern Methodist Churches. They do not sympathize with the violent, political or social, movements around them, of which the black man becomes a victim; they would not personally join in the general ostracism of the friends of the colored man; they do not, indeed, concur in the views of Northern Christians as to the possibilities before him, but they would treat him kindly, and secure to him his rights; they do not accept or believe the reports that fill our papers in reference to his abuse and oppression, but esteem them either exaggerated or false statements; they seem to respond heartily to every word of fraternity, and to desire to remove the occasions for bitterness and misunderstanding. They speak out, some of them, like a corresponding editor of a Southern official paper, with great plainness and emphasis. The great themes in reference to the freedmen discussion present themselves to our vision in a very different aspect than to them, and the facts upon which they generalize are almost absolutely diverse; but still Christian charity demands that we acknowledge an honesty of conviction where it is so successfully expressed. When we come nearer together it is more than possible that we may find each other in reaching a mutual understanding, so that we may agree to differ, if we can never harmonize our views.

Perseverance is one of the most important laws of human endeavor. If labor conquers all things, the converse is as true that nothing worthy is achieved without labor. In all departments, especially the religious one, the best results attend only on persevering effort. The Gospel is slow in unfolding. Four thousand years were required in preparation, and now, after two thousand more,

the edges only of the world are fringed with light.

This does not signify that the problem is a failure; only that it is so important as to require time and to demand in its perseverance. The Church has a difficult work to perform, and requires an indomitable spirit to hold on against all obstacles. We should take fresh courage when we remember that the solution depends not on us, but on God, and that He often succeeds in what we thought could not be a success, and at times regarded by us as inopportune. "Master, we have told all the night and have taken nothing, nevertheless at Thy word we let down the net," was the voice of faith and courage. Never fall to "try again." The wood may be hard and the axe dull, but lay to with more strength, and God will give success. Call nothing impossible that lies in the direction of divine promise or prophecy.

The *Christian Advocate* of Sept. 7, contains a long, well-argued, and calm appeal of a committee consisting of Drs. Joseph Cummings, Daniel Curry and K. P. Jervis, appointed by the large minority of the General Conference to address their brethren in the different Annual Conferences upon the Presiding Elder question, especially in reference to the proposition now being submitted to them to change the restrictive rule in order to secure a slight modification in the office. The appeal is written in excellent style; and with a good show of reasonableness urges a negative action in the Conferences when the question comes up, because the course now proposed by the majority is in no sense an expression of the desire and opinion of those seeking a modification of the office, and because it hinders rather than helps the object had in view. They urge, also, the fact that such a procedure, in an indirect way, seeks to dispose of the great question still in debate (by a significant precedent), of the constitutionality of effecting the proposed change by the direct action of the General Conference itself, without reference to the Annual Conferences. Dr. Fowler attacks the positions of the appeal in a very vigorous editorial, and makes several good points; but weakens somewhat the force of his argument by the levity of his style, and his personal references to the men whose names are appended to the appeal, and to the motives of the large body whose representatives they are. It will not be by wit but by weight that this interesting and delicate question will be ultimately decided.

We advertised a week since a good reed organ, as offered for sale. It has now been well disposed of. Mrs. Harum Merrill, having put the instrument in fine order, has bestowed it upon the Bombay mission, established by Rev. William Taylor. It will go out with Rev. I. F. Row, and lead the songs of redeemed men and women near "India's coral strand." Mrs. Merrill has given a fine example of the wisest way of disposing of instruments where the players are no longer in their old homes, but have removed or gone to the mansion above. It will prove a solace to the bereaved trust to consecrate an instrument embalmed in holy memories.

Editorial Items.

Bishop Foster has now perfected his arrangements for a residence among us. As his family has been sadly broken up, Prof. Bowne, lately elected to the chair of philosophy in Boston University, will occupy the episcopal residence, 59 Rutland Street, and the Bishop will board with him. He requests that his correspondence be so directed to this address. He has left the city to be absent in attendance upon Western Conferences for about two months.

Prof. Bowne and his family will be a great accession to our circles—social, religious and intellectual. The Professor is still in his young manhood, but has already secured for himself a remarkable reputation as a clear and close thinker in the abstruse lines of modern philosophy. The upper classes in the College of Arts will enjoy at once the benefit of his inspiring instructions.

The sudden death of George Smith, the English Orientalist, which was announced by cable despatch last week, has brought to an unexpected close a most important work. Since the year 1873, under the patronage of the London *Daily Telegraph*, he has been engaged in explorations of Nineveh and the Euphrates valley. The very valuable results of these explorations have been given, in part, to the world in his "Ancient History from the Monuments" and the "Chaldean Account of Genesis"—the latter founded upon Chaldean legends which he himself had discovered and interpreted, and which seemed to coincide singularly with the Mosaic history. Mr. Smith's attention was first drawn, in 1866, to Assyrian studies by the discovery of an inscription among a collection of Assyrian remains in the British Museum. Thereafter, he became a diligent student of cuneiform inscriptions, recording his discoveries, from time to time, in the "Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archaeology." He also published "Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia," and, in 1871, an important work, on the history of Asshur-bani-pal, which gave a new direction, and a new meaning, to the study of Oriental antiquities." Mr. Smith was about fifty-one years old at the time of his death.

The *Christian Observer*, Louisville, Ky., sends out as a supplement, a photographic copy, reduced one-half in length and breadth, of its first issue, Sept. 4, 1815, then bearing the title of *The Religious Remembrancer*. It was afterwards united with the *30s (then Religious Telegraph)* and took the name it now wears. Its publisher affirms that it was the first purely religious paper published in the country. We believe, however, this honor is disputed by the late Mr. Willis of the *Boston Recorder*. But it is an ancient and honorable record which this paper enjoys. The size and arrangement shows the marvelous progress that has been made in the last thirty years, in the distribution of religious intelligence. The *Observer* is an able, eminently religious sheet, strongly but not offensively Southern, of the old school Presbyterian type.

Rev. Dr. L. R. Thayer has made his home for the present year at Newtonville, Mass. He has enjoyed a six months' rest after a long period of uninterrupted ministerial service, and is now ready for any providential call to supply a pulpit in the temporary absence or sickness of the pastor.

The public is in a fair way to become familiar with the excellent citizens who are now put forth as candidates for her highest offices. We know not how many lives are latent and patent of Gov. Hayes. We only know that Howells is still to come. But, in addition, the pencil of the artist, in countless forms, is brought into requisition. By far the best engravings we have seen are those of Hayes and Wheeler engraved and published by the Continental Bank Note Company, of which Messrs. R. H. Curran & Co., 28 School Street, are the New England publishers. They are fine, pure line engravings, in the highest form of the art, admirable likenesses, and, indeed, uncommonly good-looking and manly heads. About the best campaign documents, on the Republican side, are the portraits of the candidates.

Last Sabbath was an interesting day at Wellesley College. It was the Feast of Ingathering—the opening Sabbath of the term—and much account was made of it. The large platform, in the beautiful chapel, upon which stands the desk, was transformed into a bower of green-house plants, ferns, rare plants and flowers of various colors and rich odors. Rev. Mr. Pentecost, who officiated on the occasion, spoke as from the center of a garden. Twelve young ladies opened the service of song with an impressive hymn, and the three hundred and twenty-five young ladies (for the institution more than filled; it being expected that the examinations for entrance will diminish the number to its normal capacity) united in the remaining exercises of worshipful song. Nearly two hundred visitors were present, filling the capacious gallery, to unite in the interesting services. The discourse was appropriate, tender and persuasive, upon the ever fresh theme—"God is love;" and a hallowing and inspiring impression seemed to be left upon the hundreds of young heads bending in worship together.

In the evening Dr. Tourjee conducted a praise-meeting.

The regular college classes are not yet large, but increase in size every year, while the eagerness of young women to avail themselves of the remarkable facilities of this beautiful site, this school in a palace, with its numerous and well-filled halls of instruction, naturally increases as it becomes known. A large number of applicants are now upon its list, waiting for vacancies.

Our city is to be congratulated in the accession to its educational corps of Col. Homer B. Sprague—one of the most accomplished educators of the day. Prof. Sprague has just been elected master of the Girl's High School. He is not unknown as a teacher in New England, being a native of Worcester County, and a graduate of Leicester Academy and of Yale College in the class of 1852. He has been a student of law, but early accepted the profession of a teacher. He has been principal of Worcester High School and of the Meriden, Conn. Normal School, and a professor in Cornell University. His last position was at the head of the Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn. During the war he led a Connecticut regiment. He is a full and polished scholar, especially in English literature and rhetoric. He has few superiors upon the platform, and has that personal magnetism and power of awakening and inspiring the minds of his pupils which eminently fit him for his new station. We shall still hold him to his promise of completing his excellent essay upon gesture in speaking, the first installment of which in our columns awakened so much interest.

We learn with great satisfaction that a gentleman has offered some \$50,000 toward endowing East Greenwich Academy on the condition that other friends will provide for the debt now resting upon it. This originally amounted to \$31,000. It is now reduced to \$20,000. This generous offer most greatly stimulates the friends of the institution to contribute liberally for its relief. Let there be a general rally to its help throughout the Conference. Let its friends send in at once their voluntary gifts to the agent, Rev. M. C. Bray, thus aiding him in securing an early day this princely donation. We understand there is a prospect of further endowment by other parties; if the effort now being made to provide for the indebtedness prove successful. This grand old seminary should be saved to the Church. It has done great service for Christianity and education in New England.

The fall term has opened under most favorable auspices with a large accession of new students. Prof. Blakeslee, who is deservedly popular, is aided by a large and efficient corps of teachers.

We have received a handsome pamphlet containing the annual circular of Claflin University and South Carolina Agricultural College, Orangeburg, S. C. Dr. E. Cooke, the President, has been passing the summer vacation in this vicinity. He is now just about returning. The institution is prospering. The new brick building, replacing the one that was burned, is fast approaching completion. Its facilities are eagerly sought by young men preparing to teach and to preach, and it offers one of the few very helpful and encouraging solutions of the Southern problem. No money is more economically or wisely expended than that which is devoted to the education of the teachers and preachers of the colored people so lately emancipated.

Lasell Seminary for young women, Auburndale, Mass., seems likely to open with a full house. A large number have engaged rooms for next year, commencing Sept. 4, than for many previous years. Miss Maria Mehlbach, of Berlin, is a fine acquisition to the department of modern languages. The other teachers are as last year. Internal improvements have been made during the vacation, and this pleasant, homelike place of education is more comfortable and attractive than ever for its fortunate pupils.

It is understood that the ladies who finally came with great fervor to the aid of the committee seeking to preserve the Old South meeting-house, have been able to secure the requisite \$400,000, and a formal offer has been made to the trustees. The proposed debt is to be raised by certain legal inquiries, and the discussion of several restrictions upon the use to which the building may be put. Strangely enough, it is said the trustees insist that it shall not be used for religious services. We can hardly believe this to be true.

We have received a copy of Dr. Nathan Allen's instructive and able paper upon the Treatment of the Insane, read before the Social Science Association in Saratoga. We shall make extended quotations from it, hereafter. No writer in the country has studied this sad subject more closely, or written upon it more intelligently or wisely, than Dr. Allen.

The official papers, with one exception, accept, with more or less heartiness, the work of the fraternal commissioners. The *Northern* protests without qualification against the premises upon which the formal

act of fraternity is based. It objects to the legitimating of the Southern Church, and doubts the constitutionality of the course pursued. It does not, however, object to the most Christian and fraternal relations between the two Churches, but heartily advocates such.

Rev. A. C. Dutton, formerly a very efficient member of the Vermont Conference, now stationed at Yorkville, S. C., called last week at our office. The pleasant occasion of his visit North was made evident by the following item handed in during the week by one of our Chelsea pastors:—

Married, by Rev. N. T. Whitaker, September 5, Rev. A. C. Dutton, of the South Carolina Conference, to Miss Elizabeth Watson, of Chelsea.

The *Commonwealth*, a very spirited and well-edited temperance paper, published in Hartford, Conn., issues a chromo, as an additional consideration to new subscribers; but the paper itself is a full compensation for the subscription price, and the picture adds little weight to it.

The old graduates of Middletown, a quarter of a century since and before, will recognize in the head of an advertising firm in our paper, Mr. Elijah Beach, one whose skillful hand was thought indispensable in cutting the graduating suits. We can, from long acquaintance, heartily commend his firm to our ministerial and lay friends who desire the best goods and made up in the finest taste.

The following resolution was offered at the Preachers' Meeting on Monday morning, by Rev. D. C. Knowles, and adopted without debate by a vote of 40 to 8.

Resolved, that we heartily disapprove of the policy of holding camp-meetings over the Sabbath.

Governor Rice will hold a reception at the Massachusetts State Building, Centennial grounds, Philadelphia, from one to three o'clock, on Thursday, the 14th inst.

A first-class steamer has just been launched from a shipyard in Greenpoint, L. I., which is built for the Providence and Stonington Steamship Company, and is to run between New York and Providence direct. This steamer is to take the name of the old Bay State, and in its construction and finish will have no superior, and will be worthy of the honored name it bears, "Massachusetts." The frame is of white oak, locust and cedar; floor timbers of white oak throughout. Frames of hull are diagonally strapped with iron bars, four inches wide. The whole number of rooms, some of them large family rooms, will be about two hundred, all fitted up with electric bells. In addition, there will be about two hundred and twenty berths for passengers. The dining-room will be on the main deck, instead of below, a feature on a night passenger boat original with this company, and first introduced by Capt. Babcock, the president of the company, on the sister boat "Rhode Island," where it has proved, with the traveling public, very popular. The grand stair-way, extending from the main deck to the gallery, will be in three flights, composed of hard woods. The engine is fitted with the Slick's adjustable valve gear, and a tubular steam condenser, with Lighthill's patent tube heads and tube packings. The refrigerating water is circulated by means of an independent centrifugal pump, capable of moving 6,000 gallons of water per minute. The same pump is fitted with appliances by means of which the whole capacity could be used in freeing the vessel from water in case of severe leakage.

In addition to the ordinary steam and hand pumps for extinguishing fires, steam pipes are run to all parts of the vessel, so that by the simple turn of a valve, always under the control of the engineer, a fire can be extinguished before it has fairly started. This magnificent vessel, in connection with the "Rhode Island" (so well known to patrons of the Stonington Line), will be run, next season, forming in connection with the Boston and Providence and Providence and Worcester Railroad, the shortest and best route to all parts of New England.

Notes from the Churches.

MASACHUSETTS.

Topsham.—Sunday, the 8th inst., was a day of great interest to this charge, eleven persons being baptized, and twenty-one received in full—the fruits of a recent and very precious revival. Others are still to come in; and yet others are coming to Christ. A very gracious spirit is prevailing in the Church. It seems like summer and sunshine the most of the time, and that in spite of the struggles and anxieties incident to hard times—oppressing Church debts, and the worried household, or domestic difficulties. Thanks to the Lord, we have weathered the "heated term" with scarcely any diminution of religious zeal, or abatement of spiritual interest. Camp-meeting has come and gone. Deriving but little if any benefit from it, we, fortunately, have not been dependent upon it. This charge, though rejoicing in but four years of existence as yet, nevertheless is already blessed with a goodly number of members, who, though not rich in this world's goods, yet have a mind to work, and a zeal for God far beyond that of many an older and wealthier Church.

Rockbottom.—The M. E. Church at Rockbottom has been thoroughly repaired, improved and beautified during the summer vacation, and is now a very convenient and attractive house of worship. The sacrament of baptism was administered in the church on the first Sabbath in September. The Church is now looking confidently for a general work of grace.

MAINE.

Twelve persons were baptized by Rev. J. A. Strout at West End, Portland, Sunday, September 3. The work at this point is very encouraging, and we look for a strong Methodist Church at this place at no distant day.

Rev. Mr. Tyrie, of the Free Baptist Church, Saco, baptized nine persons in the Saco River, September 3.

Rev. William Taylor did good service at the Fryeburg camp-meeting, Sunday, September 3. One seldom hears in these days so much of the first principles of the Gospel as Brother Taylor put in his sermon on Sabbath afternoon.

The Martha's Grove camp-meeting at Fryeburg closed Sunday night, September 3, after an earnest sermon by Brother William Taylor. On Monday morning he gave an account of his missionary labors in Africa and India. An interesting temperance meeting followed, and several during the three following days signed the pledge, and some sought Christ.

An ice-house containing about 5,000 tons of ice was burned at Biddeford last week.

The Reform Club of Maine held a convention in Portland, the 5th and 6th of this month. Skowhegan was fixed as the place

for the next quarterly meeting, to be held December 5th and 6th. It is estimated that from 30,000 to 45,000 are connected with the several Reform Clubs of the State. These clubs develop a good many earnest and effective speakers.

The Maine Association of New Jerusalem Churches met in Portland, September 23, in their church on High Street, Rev. S. F. Dike, of Bath, president.

The report of Rev. Mr. Hayden, of Portland, shows that three adults and four infants have been baptized, and nine have been confirmed during the year past. The reports of the Churches do not show a very vigorous and hopeful growth of the New Jerusalem Church.

The national holiness meeting commenced at Old Orchard, September 8th, at 3 o'clock, with a social meeting conducted by Rev. Wm. McDonald. Rev. W. H. Boole preached in the evening on the "Pearl of great price," and in an inimitable manner inspired his audience to seek a valuable, precious, beautiful and ornamental religion; and many consented in heart and with voice, to give all to obtain the priceless gem of a pure heart. Rev. Brother McDonald preached on Thursday forenoon on the "Strength of the Church." The ready response made to the invitation to come forward and seek the endowment of strength, evinced a strong desire on the part of most who were present to be fitted of God for the work which legitimately belongs to the Christian Church, i. e., the salvation of the perishing.

During the altar service Brother Inskip came on the ground and preached in the afternoon. His sermon on "Have faith in God," disarmed all prejudice, and won all hearts to him; and all heads, at least, to the cause he advocates. A very interesting altar service followed the sermon, and many souls took hold of God with mighty faith for great victory. This altar service was the Penult of the meeting. Brother Munger preached in the evening on a few passages of Christ's prayer for His disciples, showing the qualifications His disciples needed for full efficiency in the work to which they were called and appointed. The scene which followed at the altar service was a prophesy of the earnest Christian workers of the future. There was a sincerity and earnestness in the testimonies and prayers, that are not ordinary even at a holiness camp-meeting. There is a vigor and robustness about the exhortations, experiences and prayers, that carries one back to old-fashioned camp-meetings. May the good Lord pour a hundred pentecost showers upon this camp before it breaks up!

EAST MAINE.

Bangor.—Hon. Jonas Cutting, a resident of Bangor, and for twenty-one years an associate justice of the Supreme Court of Maine, has recently died. He was held in high esteem in the community for his ability and integrity of character, and his memory will be preserved in honor.

Rev. N. Butler has recently tendered his resignation as pastor of the Second Baptist Church, to take effect October 1st. It is understood that he has in view domestic mission work in Penobscot county. He is an earnest Christian worker, and may succeed in his future labors.

The Bangor Reform Club is making ready to celebrate its second annual anniversary, Dr. H. A. Reynolds, its first president, and whose work is well known in Massachusetts, is expected to be present. All will heartily welcome the doctor's return to our city.

The camp-meetings promise good results to our Churches in the Penobscot valley. Our people are returning from their temporary homes abroad, and it is confidently hoped that earnest Christians may be manifested in all our charges. Our Church is most manifestly loyal to the nation, and may she also be foremost in the glorious conquest of souls to Jesus Christ!

G. W. Jones, pastor of the Congregational Church in Winterport, received six persons into his Church in August.

Mr. J. W. Kellogg, agent for the American Bible Society, has just completed his work in Knox county, and reports the following results of his labors: He has visited over four thousand families, and found two hundred and twenty-four families destitute of a complete copy of the Scriptures; sent and distributed over one thousand and four hundred books, and collected three hundred and fifty-eight dollars for the Bible Society. We learn that Mr. Kellogg will visit families in Hancock county next.

Three young men and five young ladies were received into the Congregationalist Church in Machias, Sunday, September 3.

Four persons were baptized and received into the Methodist Church in Millbridge, August 27th.

Seventeen persons have lately risen for prayers within the limits of the Machias and Whiteville charge.

The Union Church in Edmunds has been repaired and formally re-opened. It is occupied by the Methodist Church, whose members have been largely increased by conversions.

RHODE ISLAND.

The Providence Methodist Preschers' Meeting has resumed its sessions, which will be held on Monday at 2.30 p. m., at No. 14 Westminster Street, Room No. 5.

The friends of Greenwich Academy will be glad to learn that: 1. The fall term has opened very prosperously, with an unusual attendance of both sexes; and every indication of a full school. 2. Prof. Blakeslee will remain in charge of the school, notwithstanding very strong inducements have been offered him from abroad. He refused a much more lucrative position than the one he holds. We hope the day will come when the accomplished educators connected with our seminaries will not be compelled to hold these positions at a pecuniary sacrifice. Till it comes, all honor to the men who choose usefulness before gold!

The corner-stone of the new Methodist church in Mansfield was laid on the 30th ult., with appropriate and interesting services. Rev. G. W. Brewster gave the address. The pastor, Rev. John Oldham, is pushing this enterprise with great earnestness.

The quarterly meeting of the Woman's Foreign Mission Society of Providence was held at the Hope Street church on the evening of Sept. 6. This society shows great courage the present year, and seems certain to raise more money than it has ever done before.

The preachers of Providence and vicinity are all at their posts, and taking hold of their work with vigor and faith. Brother Kingsley, of Hope Street, has greatly recruited during his sojourn at the Vineyard, and is able to resume his work in usual health.

The appointment of Dr. Whedon as one of the committee to revise the hymn-book, shows the good judgment of Bishop Jones and his advisers. Though the Doctor has made the Bible his special study, he claims by no means be indifferent to the claims of poetry, and will bring a ripe culture and a nice discrimination to his task.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Greenland.—The old and very staid charge of Greenland is holding her own finely; and she is also making accessions to her strength. There have been received into Church membership several persons within the last few months, of whom there is much hope. At late communion, eight adults were baptized. Probably there is not a country village in New Hampshire where regularly gathers a more numerous congregation than assembles Sabbath after Sabbath in the large and beautiful auditorium of the M. E. Church here. It is saying nothing new. It is only the old state of things pleasantly and somewhat progressively continuing. The Sunday-school more than maintains its desirable reputation, under the efficient direction of its lady superintendent, Sister Marston.

The town is like a garden in beauty, and its fine roads are alive with the attractive equipages of the summer visitors of the vicinity. The well-known Rev. Dr. J. A. M. Chapman, of New York, spends his summer vacations here. This is his native town; and he is truly an exception to the rule that a prophet cannot have great home in his own country. His splendid announcements of Gospel futures always draw a crowded house to listen to them. Father J. F. Adams stands the wear of the roll of so many years over his blossomed head remarkably well. He has lost nothing of the respect in which he was formerly held in this region; neither has he lost any of his noble zeal for the prosperity of Zion. May the Lord bless him, in the abundant prayer of all who have the privilege of still associating with him.

A distinguished friend suggesting it would be well to hear from Greenland through the *HERALD*, so much is ventured.

Tilton.—Miss Jennie M. Lord, of Newton Highlands, Mass., the newly-elected teacher of instrumental music in the New Hampshire Conference Seminary, is very highly recommended. She graduated at Wilbraham from the musical department, and has had great success as a teacher. She is mentioned as "enthusiastic, social, sensible and popular."

Glenning.—We hear from the Claremont camp-meeting, which closed September 1st, that it was every way very successful. Presiding Elders Gilley and Beaman had joint direction of it, and presided on alternate days. The preaching was for the most part from home talent, and was able, and at times powerful. An effective sermon was preached Thursday, August 21st, by Rev. B. K. Pease, D. D., on "Personal Holiness," Voluntary and Involuntary." Among the preachers were Dr. Jasper, Rev's Wilkins, Folger, Boutwell, Norris and others. A temperance meeting was held one day, and a children's meeting another, both of which were occasions of much interest. This camp-meeting is under very judicious management, and seems destined to become one of the largest meetings.

The Wainpissaukee camp-meeting, which was in operation during last week, was also an unqualified success. Good weather was enjoyed, though nights and mornings were somewhat cool, and the attendance was the largest ever known. Rev. J. Pike, D. D., was in charge. Interesting exercises were held in connection with the dedication of the Manchester and Laconia chapels. Rev's Caswell, Chase, Field, Hamilton, Downs, Bates of Boston, and Dr. Taylor, the evangelist, were among the preachers.

On Tuesday evening, September 5th, the night before the dedication, an organ and vocal concert was given in the new M. E. church of Dover. It was pronounced one of the finest entertainments of the kind ever given in the place. Prof. Eugene Thayer presided at the organ, and Mrs. West of Haverhill, and Miss Nellie Brown, a Dover favorite, were the leading vocalists.

In Ashland eight persons were received into the Free Baptist Church, August 20.

Rev. Eugene M. Grant, of West Waterville, Me., is to be pastor of the Universalist Church in Portsmouth.

Rev. Wm. H. Hubbard has been installed pastor of the Congregational Church at Meriden.

Rev. Granville Pierce, of Berlin, has been called to the Liberal Christian Church in Wilton.

A fire broke out in the horse-sheds of the Methodist church in Raymond on the night of August 26th, which did little damage.

Rev. Isaac N. White, of Newmarket, was generously remembered by his parishioners as he was leaving for the Centennial.

WESTERN AND SOUTHERN.

Rev. John Dillon, of the Ohio Conference, died August 26. Mr. Dillon was an influential man in his Conference, and a member of the General Conference of 1868.

Rev. H. Nesbit, D. D., formerly editor of the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*, has been nominated by the prohibitionists for Congress.

Rev. Dr. W. D. Godman will labor in the interest of the Freedmen's Aid Society until January, in the Philadelphia and Wilmington Conferences.

Rev. Dr. Dillon, on retiring from the editorship of the *Pacific Advocate*, received the present of a gold watch from his friends in Portland.

Miss Anna Oliver has been preaching in the First Place M. E. Church, Brooklyn, during the absence of the pastor.

The new M. E. Church in Virginia City, Nevada, Rev. C. McKelvey, pastor, was dedicated Aug. 6. Rev. Dr. Guard, of San Francisco, preached the dedication sermon.

A new M. E. church at Little Falls, New York, was dedicated recently. Rev. Drs. J. P. Newman and B. I. Ives officiating. It is a fine building, seating about one thousand persons.

Rev. Norval Wilson, a prominent minister of the Church South, died in Baltimore on the 9th ult.

Dr. Vincent laid the corner-stone of a new Methodist church, at Oil City, Pa., Sept. 24, which will cost \$25,000, and the lot \$15,000.

Dr. W. W. Hitt died in Vincennes, Ind., on the 17th ult., in his seventy-fifth year. He belonged to one of the oldest and most highly respected Methodist families in this country, and was brother to the late Rev. Thomas Hitt, and a nephew of Rev. Daniel Hitt, formerly agent of the New York Book Concern. He was a life-long Methodist, and thoroughly identified with most of the early movements of our Church. He was one of the charter trustees and founders of Indiana Asbury University.

At the educational anniversary of the Cincinnati Conference, Dr. Payne, president of the Ohio Wesleyan University, succeeded in raising \$4,000 toward the endowment of that institution.

John Tyler, Jr., a son of ex-President Tyler, has become a minister in the Methodist Church, South.

[Reports of several camp-meetings are crowded out this week, and will appear in our next issue.—E. D. *HERALD*.]

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Third Quarter.
Sunday, September 24.
Review of Third Quarter.
BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

Two subjects have occupied our attention during the last twelve weeks—Solomon's Temple, and Solomon's writings. The first was the material product of his royal wealth and skill. The temple was rich enough in religious meaning and splendid enough in architecture and finish, to stand as the best perishable monument of the wise man's reign. Solomon's wisdom, however, as embodied in the books of his authorship, is the far more enduring monument, which lasts with the ageless Word of God, and will last through all time. Solomon was a remarkable character—not because he was immaculate in morals or infallible in wisdom; but because he was made conspicuous by great endowments, and by the providential place he filled during a brilliant period of Jewish history. He was human; and although he attained the higher altitudes of human greatness, he also stooped to commit sins which would have swallowed up his royalty and his manhood, had he not been rescued by repentance and forgiveness.

I. DAVID'S CHARGE TO SOLOMON.

The young prince started upon his career after having received the impressive counsel of the father. In the presence of a great assembly of the officers of the realm, both military and civil, the charge was given. David appeals to God's purpose in selecting Solomon to be his own successor upon the throne, and to accomplish the work of building a temple. He exhorts the officers to "seek for" the commandments of God, and Solomon to serve God with heart and mind, as well as with the work of his hands.

II. SOLOMON'S CHOICE.

God first tested the heart of the young king. At Gibeon, where Solomon went in reverence to pay his vows and offer a "thousand burnt-offerings" upon the brazen altar, God asked him to make known his deepest desire. Solomon begged for "wisdom and knowledge." The Lord was pleased with his petition, and granted his request, and assured him that because he had not asked for wealth, honor, or power, all these should be added to the "principal thing," and "none of the kings" should rival him in his riches. God always honors a wise choice.

III. SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

Upon Mt. Moriah, in the fourth year of Solomon's reign, 1012 B. C., the national sanctuary was begun. It was ninety feet long and thirty feet wide, built of stone, ceiled with cedar, ornamented with choicest gold, silver and precious stones. A portico fronted the temple, fifteen feet in depth, its roof being supported by two brazen pillars. The interior of the temple was divided into the Holy Place and the Holy of Holies, the "vail" separating the two apartments. The cherubim were made to rest upon the Ark as in the old tabernacle. The cost of the temple was more than four billion dollars, according to the worth of the full talent.

IV. THE TEMPLE DEDICATED.

About seven years and a half were occupied in building the temple. On the day of dedication a great multitude assembled, the priests sacrificed at different points as the procession moved towards the temple, and the ark was deposited in the Most Holy Place. The presence of God was manifested by a cloud which filled the temple, and Solomon offers the hearty thanksgivings to God which the nation felt, recognizing Jehovah as the Source of all their prosperity, and the Lord of this new and glorious house.

V. SOLOMON'S PRAYER.

The king knelt before the multitude, stretched forth his hands, and prayed for Jehovah's blessing. He adored God as the Fulfiler of all His promises. He marveled at God's condescension, that He would dwell in a house made with hands. Yet he humbly prayed that God would watch over His temple, and listen to the prayer that should be offered there, and let His forgiveness fall upon all who should lift their eyes towards that altar, and bless them from heaven. His dwelling-place.

VI. SOLOMON'S PROSPERITY.

When the king had finished his great work, and "all his glory" was upon him, the queen of Sheba paid him a visit. Her presents to Solomon were rich. She tested his wisdom by hard questions, saw his city, palace and temple, and overawed by the greatness of the king's wealth and wisdom, acknowledged that the half had not been told her. She reverently offers a doxology to the God of Solomon who had so loved and blessed Israel—a marked testimony from a heathen ruler.

VII. THE CALL OF WISDOM.

Solomon personifies wisdom in the opening chapters of the book of Proverbs, and gives utterance to some truths which bear a close resemblance to those which Jesus preached. Wisdom seeks publicity, and cries after men. So did Christ. Simpletons, scorners and fools are warned. But the wicked, who reject the lessons she teaches, will at last suffer an awful retribution. There will come a time when, for such, it will be too late to learn wisdom. Wisdom will only "laugh" and "mock" at the disasters of the impatient.

VIII. THE VALUE OF WISDOM.

Wisdom is illustrated by all kinds of comparisons. The youth are addressed,

who need the restraints of Wisdom's law. Length of days she promises as one of her rewards. The wise man will not violate the laws of health. "Mercy and truth" she commends, to be worn as ornaments of character, and to be graven upon the heart. Trust in God, and a generous acknowledgment of Him, with "substance" as well by faith, are enjoined upon the young. The merchandise of wisdom suffers no depreciation. Pleasantness and peace shine upon her paths. She is a fruitful "tree of life."

IX. HONEST INDUSTRY.

The laborious little ant is taken by Solomon as an example in industry. She works faithfully under the impulse of instinct. A man, born with the higher endowments of intelligence, has no right to be a sluggard. Want generally follows in the train of indolent habits. A wicked man is also described in this lesson; he has a "froward mouth," speaks a sly, insinuating language with "eyes," "fingers" and "feet." Seven abominations are mentioned. The law of the household, of father and mother, is held up as invaluable to children both while at home, and after they shall leave the parental roof.

X. INTemperance.

Woe, sorrow, contention, babbling, weakness, redness of eyes, are the troubles that come to wine-bibbers. Total abstinence of the most radical sort is taught; do not even "look upon" strong drink, much less touch and taste it. Wine is sparkling and beautiful, but there is an awful poison in it, and its sting is fatal. Drunkenness diabolizes men; it is a libel upon innocent animals to say it makes brutes of men. There is no safety in moderate drinking, for the appetite is unnatural, and will almost inevitably lead to disastrous results if fostered.

XI. THE EXCELLENT WOMAN.

A lofty type of female character is set forth. She is strong in feminine qualities, devoted to her husband, diligent in her household which is her best sphere, dresses with becoming taste, exhibits the law of kindness in all her speech, sets such an example and imparts such lessons that her children cherish fondly her memory, and above all has piety as her best adornment, is thoroughly religious, and an unfaltering disciple of Christ.

XII. A GODLY LIFE.

Youth is the time to be mindful of our Creator, before old age with all its infirmities approaches. An allegorical description of the decrepitude of the aged is given. Eyes become dim, limbs tremble from weakness, food is not easily masticated, the voice is thin, and articulation indistinct, the head blossoms like the almond tree, appetite fails, and the old man soon goes "to his long home." After a beautiful illustration of death, the preacher closes with the exhortation that the young would "Fear God and keep His commandments," for this precept contains all duty.

The Family.

THE SWEETEST NAME.

BY REV. C. A. CRESSEY.

One sweet name my soul will cherish,
Long as life to me is given:
Name of Christ, my loving Saviour,
Sweetest name in earth or heaven.

Once my soul with sin was burdened;
Longed for rest my heart did pine;
Jesus spoke His peace within me;
Now I'm His, and He is mine.

Half the joy and peace He gives me,
Words of mine can never show;
But with heavenly bliss He fills me,
Gives me here a heavenly home.

Though I boast not earthly riches,
Seek not for earth's empty fame,
Yet I'm heir to priceless treasure,
Through my Saviour's precious name.

Earthly friends too oft forsake me,
One by one they leave my side;
But there's One will never leave me,
Christ will evermore abide.

When by doubts I'm sorely tempted,
Then He gives me sweet release;
Brings His precious promise near me,
Fills me with His "perfect peace."

When I stand beside the river—
Jordan's swiftly rolling tide—
In His arms my Lord will bear me
Safely to the other side.

When in bliss I stand before Him,
With the great, unnumbered throng,
Jesus, name of my dear Saviour,
Theme shall be of endless song.

Methuen, Mass., Aug. 26, 1876.

ECCENTRICITY.

Do you flatter yourself that nobody thinks you eccentric? Do not. If there is not something about you which would seem to others eccentric, then you have no reasonable hope of immortality, for you have no centre of individuality, nothing to show that you are a being and not a mould.

The word "eccentric" is commonly applied to any deviation from custom, or from the habits and manners of others; but as they never profess to radiate from any centre, ought it not rather, in mere strictness of speech, to be applied to any deviation from the declared centre of our own existence?

On the other hand, what is generally called eccentricity is commonly the discovery of easier and swifter methods, or of novelties, whether in duty or circumstance.

What a huge mass of small misery would vanish if people could dare to be eccentric in the sense of doing something which is right for themselves as individuals! How many a woman, suffering under the close pinches of a narrow income, with a constant, dispiriting sense of shabbiness, could be set free from her worst torture, if she gave up

the use of gloves except when needed for warmth, and put their price into her general treasury! Is it best to have hands a little brown, or a face worried and anxious? The real beauty of a hand is not spoiled by exposure, or even by hard work, and nothing can be more hideous than the preserved whiteness and plumpness of a coarse hand. We cannot imagine angels in gloves. We cannot imagine the old healthy heathen goddesses in gloves. The hand-clasps which we shall never forget were given by ungloried fingers.

To hide hands or face from ordinary wear and tear lest they spoil them is as bad as to starve with money in the bank lest it spend it. Hands and faces were given out to be used and worn out, and wear out they will whether or no. The true test of beauty is its long resistance, and its faculty for wearing well. Who would put brown holland over Russia leather chairs? While new, they might be taken for good imitation, but when old they are undoubted.

Everybody has to be eccentric somehow. It takes many a queer twist before the infinite variety of human character and circumstances can be reduced to a similarity almost as striking as that in a packet of pins. It was a humorous and suggestive illustration of this that a book, lately written to advise ladies of limited income how to look like their richer neighbors, hinted that in order to secure the conventional number of silk dresses and parasols, they might even wear colored under-linen!

It is often said that when poverty approaches as "an armed man," the first retrenchment is made on the table, the last in the wardrobe. This ought not to be. Is not "the body more than raiment?" Put the boy into corduroys instead of broadcloth, but spare him a good dinner, and so give him a chance of getting his own broadcloth when his turns comes, instead of wearing out yours till it drops in rags about him in some casual ward. Any linen shirts and beaver hats you can buy will soon be translated to some other sphere of matter quite beyond his use, while muscle and nerve will remain. There is nothing sadder than the study of the children of shabby-genteel families. They retain the well-moulded features and lithe forms of "good blood," long after the departure of the hot energy or cool staying power which really constituted it. To borrow a phrase from the stable, "They are good ones to look at, but bad ones to go." They are our social slaves—the drug of our labor-market, and capital shrewdly knows that it can extort any terms from them, while it does not insist on fustian jackets or white caps and aprons.

There may be table retrenchments for which nobody needs pity. If the children dread portridge instead of tea, roses apples instead of jellies, they may bless the poverty that suggested the change. It is the poorer tea and the thinner bread and butter which is to be deprecated. Even the moderate cost of the carefully-boarded black silk dress, which deceives nobody, if put into the bread account, would relieve all tightness in that quarter for the whole period that it would wear.

Let a widowed mother make her Sabbath-best of serge, and boldly teach her lads the virtues of holland and corduroy, that she may grudge no quantity of wholesome food, no cost of merry holiday, and she may live to display the rich gifts from her eldest, and to boast that her youngest, though he does not make money, has learned to live so simply that he can easily afford to give his life to the art or science of his ambition, and so to write the name she gave him on the best page of his country's history.

To wish to be like other people is as futile as it is fatal. We cannot be like anybody but ourselves. The more conventional we are, the more we resemble the jay which borrowed a feather from every other bird. We do not succeed in our attempted resemblance; we only spoil our own appearance and our own capacities. Nobody admires such. They are ridiculous even in the eyes of similarly bedecked jays.

We neglect duties that should be done at any cost of will-power; we helplessly accept as duties actions which, done as such, lose all their value. How many "cannot" dismiss a servant, and open their own hall-door, or dust their own shoes, even though their annual expenditure is regularly in excess of their annual income! Yet they "must" pay calls on people whom they do not like, and they "must" go to parties where two or three hours of black-hole atmosphere and ten minutes' gobble at unwholesome food leave them with a week's indigestion and bad temper. Or on higher levels it may be that we "cannot" keep a certain commandment, but we "must" believe a certain creed.

We cannot serve some fellow-creature, but we must love him! It is simply a double life, as transparent as it is, and should say he cannot cross a gutter, but can easily jump over the moon.

From some people's talk one might infer that public opinion was a solid body of resistless force, or, at least, a policeman with a truncheon. "One cannot go to two parties in the same dress," said a lady. "What prevents you?" asked her companion. "Simply do it."

What is public opinion? The aggregate of many persons' opinions, mostly founded on their own ways. Do you acknowledge even to yourself that their ways and their opinions are better than yours?

When you shrink from banding the dishes at your own table, or from the growing necessity that your daughters should do something for their own livelihood, whose image looms terribly before you? Is it that of the great man

whose rare visits fill your house with spiritual light and warmth? Or that of the good woman whose life you know goes up as daily incense before God? Or that of the dear friend who knows all about you, even about the skeleton in your cupboard, and whose life has so penetrated your life, that you cannot realize how it was when you did not know him? No, it is that of the De Vesce opposite—about whom you delight to tell the naughty anecdote that they have a malicious cousin who super-scribes his letters to Gentility Square, with the plain name of "Mr. Vesey."

We should all have a "proper regard" for public opinion. Only what public opinion? Our most conventional acquaintance seeks the favorable verdict of Plato Place, not of Black Slum. Let us think of the quality of the approval we gain rather than of its quantity. Let us dare to do what should be done, and the best will either approve us at once, or presently thank us for teaching them a new lesson. People's moral tastes, like their artistic, want educating. The greater a man is, the fewer within earshot will praise him. Condemnation is the only title of honor that some people can bestow. Columbus was wise when he had his fetters buried with him; he had doubtless learned that in such a world the iron chain is a far more substantial order of merit than the most selectly distributed golden fleece. Higher yet. While the Jews made a hero of Barabbas the robber, their only possible tribute to Jesus was to crucify Him.

If there be anything which we secretly long to do, could we only muster courage, then we may be sure that there are many others like us—standing still as sheep till the bell-wether moves onward. There are some slaves who achieve their own freedom long before the general emancipation act which they help to bring about. And let us remember the old proverb—it is "the hindmost" whom the devil takes. It would be a foolish cat who refused to go to the milk-pail till the other cats had licked off the cream. Yet there are people who can accept nothing till it begins to grow stale. The originality of some impulses is half their value. When they cease to be a protest against the untruthfulness and unlikeliness of habit, they are often far on the way to be untruthful or unlikeliness themselves. To-day, the most conventional of us are doing what was first done by some very "eccentric" forefather. Shall we drive the steeds of the car of time, or shall we toil ever behind in the dust which it raises? Shall we be slaves ourselves, or free liberators of others?

Dare to be strong; the world is very weak, And longs for burning words which strong souls speak.

Thirsts for the cup which ye have strength to grasp,
Toils on the road where ye are swift to run,
Does nought itself, but worships what is done.
Spare its one hand; thine other angels clasp.

ISABELLA FVIE MAYO.

—*Little's Living Age.*

THE MEMORY WHEEL.

BY MISS ELIZA H. MERRILL.

You have never heard of it before? You have never even dreamed that such a thing could be in all God's works or man's devices? It is not strange; why should you? It is no quaint belief of a people whose doors are just unbarred to us, no triumph of an age which flashes thought from sea to sea, no mediumistic fragment from the unknown shore.

If you could see the place, you would not wonder that he had such dreams. And this of the Memory Wheel—after all, who can tell? Perhaps it did not come through the Ivory Gate.

There was never any one to play with little Carl. No breeze of life outside shattered his eerie fancies. Only now and then a hunter scaled the cliffs, or the hounds bayed out in the vale below; yet there were peace and plenty there. His mother was always ill, too ill, even, to speak to him; but his father was very kind to him in those days; and old Nyatta told him her goblin stories of witch and wizard. And when Nyatta herself came unsteadily from the settlement, or seemed to threaten him with Indian gibberish, he knew it was the Fiend that did it, and was glad when the spell was broken.

In the summer, the blackberry vines stretched out across the ledges, and green moss cushioned them. He knew the way of the portly bee that steals its home in the field-mouse's nest, and of the dragon-fly that springs from the woodland fen in its armor of steel blue. He loved the tree-toad's song, and the laugh of the crystal stream, for his father held him close to all that was soft and sweet in their rugged life.

But a change came upon Herbert Dall—slowly, oh, so slowly, that little Carl could scarcely take it in. And though he spoke of it to his mother, she only wept, and could not answer him; and so the child fancied it was the Evil One that did it. And when the father lay in his heavy sleep, he said the Bible beneath his head for a blessed charm against the Fiend.

Poor, helpless little one! He did not know that this was a spirit more cruel than ever a warlock knew, and it had stolen the Bible for its ally.

The summer faded upon the hillside; the blood-dyed leaves dropped off from the thorny vine; the softening moss was soaked with rain. Little Carl had very often now to hide away from his father's blows. And cruel men had been there; they had taken away with them the lambs, and the gentle cows, and the things which he had loved about the house, till there was little left but the hard bed on which his mother

lay, and the stand with the worn old Bible.

Very often, now, these two were left alone for days together. And when the rain beat upon the roof, or the winds sighed in the moaning pines, little Carl began to have those eerie fancies, which never came to happy children in sheltered homes.

All his little life came back to him. Now, he seemed to cower from his father's blows, and now to clasp him fondly, as in the days so long ago. And the child thought that the mind was like a wheel; that all the things we see, or think, or do, are put upon it, and it turns and turns till they all come back to us, and nothing is ever lost from it, or can be; and sometimes a stupor came upon him; he dreamed that he had harnessed the flying clouds and soared away.

One day a great change came in his mother's face. She called him to her in the voice which she had lost so long ago, kissed him softly, gave him the letter which she had written, and bade him go.

So the child went out alone—and the old dog with him—to the world that was all unknown to him; and perhaps from the farther shore the mother-love went with him.

But the great heart of humanity is soft and warm, if one can reach it, and the rugged men who read his mother's letter could scarcely speak for choking sobs. And when he leaned far out of the window to watch the clouds which they had harnessed into the flying car, they drew him back.

So he came at last to the city, and to his mother's friend who had loved her in years before. But the world with its bustling people was very new to little Carl, and it tired him strangely, till he grew too ill to rise. But still his thoughts went back to his mountain home; and he wept for the snowy lambs, for his mother, and the father-love which the Fiend had taken.

Every word was like a stab to the remorseful man who bent above him. "Do not think of them, my precious boy," he pleaded piteously.

"I cannot help it," said the child softly, "for the Memory Wheel will turn and turn."

So the child was laid at last where his home, his mother, and his father's manhood had been before, on the altar of a demon who has no pity for home, or wife, or child.

The Fiend is rarely true to those he ruins. For a little while the demon brought forgetfulness to Herbert Dall, and then the years went on, blacker and blacker with awful memories and goblin shapes that would not leave him, till he went at last to solve the question which he could not answer here; to know whether the wheel with his evil deeds upon it, and the cruel wrongs of his wife and child, would turn and torture him forever.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

The fire burns low—the shadows gleam
And fade,
And darkness lingers where the sunset
played,
A hand of silence on my lips is laid,
I cannot find the light!

One eager longing fills my clouded breast—
I wait the coming of a heavenly guest—
That I may hear Thy footsteps from afar,
Tarry with me to-night!

With godly fear my table is not spread,
Hot tears have mingled with my wine and
bread,
I cannot pour upon Thy blessed head
The spikenard rare and sweet.

But, if my poor gifts Thou condescend
To take, Thy taking worthiness will lend,
And I will pour my soul out, O my Friend,
Like Mary at Thy feet!

My soul, consumed by sin's corroding rust,
My soul, that spurned the stars and loved
the dust,
My soul that longs at last for love and trust—
Is all I have to bring.

I strain my gaze now for one gleaming star—
I sit in darkness with my door ajar,
That I may hear Thy footsteps from afar,
The footsteps of my King!

And I do hear, though clouds Thy visage
hide,
I reach my hand out thro' the shadowy tide
Of doubts and fears, and on the other side
Lo, it is clasped in Thine!

I, shuddering, feel the nail-prints in the palm;
But, oh, the wound drops healing, and a
balm
Of tenderness, that blesses with a calm
Of peace and love divine.

DECORATED HOMES.

BY M. NEALL.

Now is the time to employ the decorative art, in brightening and beautifying our homes for the winter months. This may be done by the vast majority with little or no money in the outlay. Autumn is the show-man of the year; the piping winds and beating rains are his heralds and messengers to announce the annual approach of the gorgeous spectacle of admiration from the world, lay in his heavy sleep, he said the Bible beneath his head for a blessed charm against the Fiend.

Poor, helpless little one! He did not know that this was a spirit more cruel than ever a warlock knew, and it had stolen the Bible for its ally.

The summer faded upon the hillside; the blood-dyed leaves dropped off from the thorny vine; the softening moss was soaked with rain. Little Carl had very often now to hide away from his father's blows. And cruel men had been there; they had taken away with them the lambs, and the gentle cows, and the things which he had loved about the house, till there was little left but the hard bed on which his mother

lay, and the stand with the worn old Bible.

in the sunshine by one of the stems. Not richer is the softened light that pours through costly stained windows. Beautiful pictures are made by a tasteful arrangement of pressed ferns with autumn leaves; as much more attractive than the cheap and showy chromos as the natural and fragrant rose exceeds its waxen imitation. The beauty of our native ferns, especially under a high state of cultivation, is hardly yet appreciated. They form an elegant combination with the frost and coral plants in our rustic baskets. The more delicate varieties in no way suffer by comparison with the foreign ferns at the florists—the silver-leaf and tropical maiden-hair. Simply grown in a common flower-pot, with a little charcoal beneath a rich loose soil, they will soon obtain a fine start. Placed in a basket upon the centre-table, no prettier ornament can well be imagined; their graceful, feathery fronds drooping over the sides, or standing upright in green and diaphanous beauty. One can even have a fernery without a Wardian case, although once arranged in this, the plants flourish and thrive with the least care and trouble. The trailing vine of the partridge-berry forms a pretty border round a shallow dish. There is the silver gray, crimson and green cup moss—the loveliest excretion ever yet found on a decayed tree-stump. The round green leaves and yellow flowers of the moneywort form festoons that will creep in and out through your dainty mosses, and blossom like the stars for brightness. For rich red colored leaves, there is the moonwort; for mottled, the dog-tooth violet. Common pond-weed, grown in the house, has small and shining leaves, similar to smilax. Floating hearts gathered in brooks will bloom all winter. Almost every one now knows how easily their garden favorites may be continued in the house by such a simple process as sowing the seeds in a little earth in the bottom of glass flasks, or dropping them on muslin tied over a tumbler, which is then filled with water.

Many a weary woman there is, who thinks there is never any time for her to take trowel and basket and start for the woods; but she will travel all day from shop to store, cheapening and comparing goods, and making a few unsatisfactory purchases. The great need of American women is outdoor exercise and air. This is the only price we have to pay for all our woodland treasures. More recuperating, invigorating and restful, in nine cases out of ten, would be a walk in the country side than the after-dinner nap. It might not be on the first trial, but persevere all through these fully ripened days, before the grand store-houses of Nature, with their superb fall openings, are over and locked for the winter.

Every word was like a stab to the remorseful man who bent above him. "Do not think of them, my precious boy," he pleaded piteously.

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LETTERS TO LITTLE READERS.
NO. VI.

BY MRS. R. H. WOOD.

In the former letters you have learned something about yourselves—what you are, who made you, and the care that God has taken to provide you with everything that is for your good and happiness. It is now very proper for you to learn something of your duties to this great and good Being, whose name is God.

"He gave you birth, And every living thing on earth, And every tree, and every plant that grows, To the same Hand its being owes."

When we rise from our beds, and soon see the sun come shining in upon us, clearing the frost from our windows, should we not feel very thankful that God made it a source of warmth? For without the heat of the sun many children would die of cold. The hot, glowing coal in our stoves and furnaces is the product of His hand. Indeed, everything we eat, drink and wear are the gifts of God. Then do we not owe Him much gratitude, love and obedience? If we love God we shall fear to disobey Him. God says, "I love them that love Me, and they that seek Me early shall find Me." That is, they shall know Him, or feel Him, with their spirits. One that loves God will obey Him.

When you love your mother the most, do you not obey her very cheerfully? The more we love our friends, the more we try to please them; so, if we truly love God, we shall ask what we can do to please Him. We are told in the Bible how to please God. We should study the Bible, and ask God to teach us what our duties are.

God says in His Word, "give Me thine heart." Our first duty is to give ourselves to God; then we shall love Him, obey Him, and fear Him, for "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," says the Bible.

"Oh, if I love God, I can't be afraid of Him," says Frankie. Now Frankie does not quite understand what this verse means, so we will try to tell him.

If your father does everything in his power to make you happy, you would love him for that, would you not? Certainly you would. Now suppose you have a very bad habit, which will make you a miserable and unhappy man; and if your fa-

ther should punish you to break the habit, so as to secure your future happiness, should you not love your father all the more for such kindness, and still fear to offend him?

Loving and good parents always correct their children because they wish them to be good and happy; and good children will love to obey, and fear to disobey them. Which would you most dislike to offend, the kind, loving teacher, who punishes you for your faults, or the one who never speaks either a kind or an unkind word, and yet never corrects you when you are wrong?

"The one that loves me well enough to correct my faults, and is always kind," says Frankie. So you must love God and fear to displease Him, because He corrects you in love, and is always kind.

PEN PORTRAITS OF SOME NOTED WOMEN.

Very intellectual women are seldom beautiful. Their features, and particularly their foreheads, are more or less masculine. But there are exceptions to all rules, and Mrs. Landon was an exception to this one. She was exceedingly feminine and pretty. Mrs. Stanton, likewise, was an exceedingly handsome woman; but Miss Anthony and Mrs. Livermore are both plain. Maria and Jane Porter were women of high brow and irregular features, as was also Miss Sedgwick. Anna Dickinson has a strong, masculine face. Kate Fields has a good-looking but by no means a pretty face. Mrs. Stowe is thought positively homely. Mrs. Burleigh, on the contrary, is very fine looking. Alice and Phoebe Cary were very plain in features, though their sweetness of disposition added greatly to their personal appearance. Margaret Fuller had a splendid head; but her features were irregular, and she was anything but handsome—though sometimes in the glow of conversation she appeared almost radiant. Charlotte Bronte had wondrously beautiful brown eyes and a perfectly shaped head. She was small to diminutiveness, and was as simple in her manners as a child. Julia Ward Howe is a fine looking woman—wearing an aspect of grace and refinement, and of great force of character in her face and carriage. Olive Logan is anything but handsome in person, though gay and attractive in conversation. Laura Holloway resembles Charlotte Bronte both in personal appearance and in the sad experience of her youthful life. Neither Mary Booth nor Marian Harland can lay claim to handsome faces, though they are splendid specimens of cultured women; while Mary Clemmer Ames is just as pleasing in features as her writings are graceful and popular. —*New Haven Register.*

POETRY AND SCIENCE.—"Life is real, life is earnest; and the grave is not its goal. Dust thou art, to dust returnest, was not spoken of the soul." —*Longfellow.* "Life is the definite combination of definite composite heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, in correspondence with external co-existence and sequences." —*Herbert Spencer.*

PLEASANTRIES.

A young doctor to a lady patient: "You must take exercise for your health." "All right," said she; "I'll jump at the first offer." They were married in about six months.

A country editor illustrates the prevailing extravagance of the people of the present day by calling attention to the costly baby carriages in use now, while, when he was a baby, they hauled him

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
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